

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

If there is a man in Canada who, now that old age is creeping upon him, can lean back in his easy-chair in the quiet of the evening and watch the shadows lengthen and the whirl of life subside by slow degrees—if there is a man who is entitled to feel that he has accomplished something and who is constantly receiving proof of what he has accomplished, I think that man of all others is Mr. Alexander Muir, author of *The Maple Leaf Forever*. Mr. Muir is a hale old man who may for years to come creditably fill his position as principal of the Gladstone avenue school in this city. He is round of face and figure, hearty in manner—eminently fitted to enjoy the pleasant sensations which he must now feel every day of his life. Let shallow people talk as they will, I think there never lived a healthy man who did not covet his neighbor's good word. Every man would be famous if he could. Every man on earth would be a hero if he might. Some never get opportunities to do the grandly brave things that would enroll their names in song; some miss their chances by lack of readiness; some fail of courage at the test. But poor and sluggish is the human heart that in its day-dreams never lives through gallant moments—never leads an imaginary forlorn hope up an impalpable hill; never boards or defends a ship; never stops an infuriate horse; never tells the mighty tyrant of dream-land to bring on his legions and he will rout them all or die as becomes a man. There is in every man a hero; it is the immortal in him, scornful of death. A hero is a man who happens to be at a certain place at a certain time. No matter in what shape or form a man may appear in the public eye, so that he fills it and feels its admiring gaze, it is gratifying. Those who affect to despise popularity have very little hope of attaining it, for the love of fame is in every man, and the pursuit of it is only abandoned when further pursuit is seen to be futile. Mr. Muir has not killed his hundreds in battle nor risked his life for his fellows; he has not amassed riches and made his name blessed by large charities; he has not made great speeches and gathered a political following. He has simply given his countrymen a song.

Yet, wherever he goes he is like King Arthur going about in disguise hearing his soldiery extolling his prowess and his wisdom. Scarcely a day can pass but there is borne upon his ears the sound of the voices of young Canada singing the hymn which he has given them. In this city last year he sat in a hall and heard five thousand school children sing *The Maple Leaf* with splendid enthusiasm, and I am told and readily believe that tears of pride were called to his face by that mighty wave of song—his song. Every holiday this year throughout Ontario, its strains never ceased. In the Orange celebration on July 12, you could stand on any spot and as the long procession passed there never was a moment when the gallant air did not come pealing and dancing towards you. Wherever the Orangemen paraded on that day the hymn was heard, and children sang it, and old men sang it, and the mothers of the land sang it. When a Canadian won the grand prize at Bixley last week, there came across the wire along the bed of the ocean a description of the scene, how the winner of the prize was raised aloft and carried through the immense throng, preceded by a brass band. The excitement was intense, and then the little band of Canadians, in their moment of triumph, gathered before their tents and sang *The Maple Leaf*. The statement might be ventured that it was never better sung than under those circumstances. The Britishers from all over the empire soon caught the chorus, we are told, and took it up and rolled it far and wide. It is a proud thing to have given a people a song which is theirs first and forever. It is a fine thing to live long enough to hear your song on the lips of a whole people—to find it the song of the children and the song that men sing when their blood is driven fast by patriotic feeling.

It would not be amiss to say that too many men are striving after material delights and too few trying to get a sentimental satisfaction out of life. A man may grind hard bargains all his life and be rich at sixty. His splendid house may grant him shelter from the elements and his unlimited money may purchase for him those things that have a price, but his wealth cannot buy, nor his position command, the sincere affection of one human heart or the genuine respect of the multitude. He goes down the slope a grim figure unloved and unlovely. While the other sort of man, his nature fresh as at the beginning, lives his

childhood again, finding the air laden with music and the landscape rich with green things.

The *Evening Star* found it necessary to call upon the motormen and conductors of the Street Railway Company to be courteous to passengers during the time that the Pan-American Congress was in session here. It hastened to add that these street railway employees are "usually attentive and courteous," but that a good impression could be made upon strangers if politeness were carried even further than at present. The *Star* need not have told half-truths. It is a well known public grievance that about half of the car-men in this city, so far from being usually courteous and polite, are habitually surly, argumentative, blunt and impertinent. Now and then you come across a conductor who is an ornament to his position, deferential with ladies, thoughtful with children, smooth with men. The cranky passengers cannot involve him in an altercation. He pays no attention to aside remarks, but courteously pursues his duties to the admiration of all. There are other conductors who seem to have a row with a passenger on every trip they make. The irritated passenger, who finds that the car did not stop

that's all." The old lady seemed stupefied by this brutal reception, and I do not think that she took the next car, for while I could see her she came plodding along the sidewalk as though bent upon walking to her destination. A notice has lately been put in cars requesting passengers not to put their feet upon the seats. Many of the conductors enforce this request by growling to a passenger: "Here, get yer feet down off there." Another tone would answer the purpose.

We cannot expect a very high order of intelligence among street car employees when such small salaries are paid, but we have a right to expect that a company holding such an important relation to the public should enforce a strict discipline. Men who are deficient in manners should have a code of rules dinned into them. Politeness is most decidedly not one of the characteristics of Canadians as a people. Every man who holds a position bringing him in contact with the public seems to be looking for trouble. There is something more than a mere fashion to account for the fact that our rich people employ English butlers, footmen, coachmen and gardeners. These imported servants know that while the servant may be as good as his master there are

the first half of the week. That the Congress really assembled here and held numerous meetings is vouched for by several credible witnesses, who, in passing certain edifices, heard voices in debate and investigated the cause. The surging thousands of teachers and preachers who were to have come here and blown in their money with that reckless abandon for which teachers and preachers are justly noted, did not do any marked amount of surging on our streets. I think in this respect the Congress did not Pan very well. The programme on the whole was carried out well, and the meetings were highly interesting, but we understood at the outset, not that a damaged car-load of lecturers were to come here, in charge of Messrs. Smith and Sherin, to talk at us, but that the eloquent and wise and wealthy of this hemisphere in vast multitude desired to congregate here. We all felt it a pity that the corners of King and Yonge streets could not be rounded off so that the teeming Pans could get elbow room. However, if there was any person present from a distance over and above those taking part (expenses paid) in the programme, this paper would like to publish his, her or its photograph, accompanied by an affidavit to that effect. The whole thing seemed to correspond in nu-

with some trivial offence. The practice, however, of the hearing of charges against children in private has developed an extraordinary and, it must be admitted, a monstrous evil. Children are more frequently charged with offences against the peace or the property of the citizens of Toronto, and as exposure is improbable, the parents actually come up and defend their miscreant offspring as if the one charging the child with the offence were the evil-doer rather than the youthful vandal or thief. Parents defending their children, say they found the alleged stolen property, and the children say that they did not think it was wrong to take certain articles. Men are called mean and brutal who so far forget themselves as to bring children into the Police Court accused of maliciously smashing windows, breaking trees, robbing flower-beds and stealing ornaments from houses. The most inconceivable monstrosity of the whole business is that parents thus defend their children in these things. Police Magistrate Denison is of the opinion that publicity is really the only safeguard the citizens have in such matters. If trials are heard in private the parents will defend their children and pay the fines and get them off, and show

their offspring the beautiful example of not being ashamed of being concerned, either directly or indirectly, in a wicked thing. I for one was unconscious of the fact that these hearings of charges against children were as common as they are. Colonel Denison is of the opinion that the school system is being conducted entirely without regard to morals as relating to property, for so many children educated in the public schools are vandals who will destroy what they cannot steal, and are not forced to observe those decencies and politenesses of life which are really the best equipment for a youth or girl who desires to get through life easily.

If it be true that we have neither morals nor manners in our schools—and Colonel Denison is well entitled to express an opinion—some radical change should be made. I have often expressed the opinion that private property is unsafe in Toronto, inasmuch as boys and girls are not taught to keep their hands off, but I had no idea, and I am loath to believe, that there is such a general weakness and failure in our school system as not to afford instruction in honesty and politeness. I have had a half a dozen elderly men tell me that the well dressed man can expect nothing but rudeness from children. I am not asserting this as the general fact; I can assert it as my own experience; I can state it as the expressed opinion of a great many others. For the honor of Toronto I am endeavoring not to believe it, but it is time for parents to make some careful study of their children's habits and manners, and the School Board could expend a little time without loss of either dignity or favor if they took up

the question of how our boys and girls act after they get out of school, and how our teachers act while in school, and as to whether our children are afforded models of politeness by those who receive salaries as teachers.

The absurdity of insisting upon having a number of policemen employed as truant officers must be manifest to every reasonable parent. Are those who begot and are supposed to foster children unaware of the habits of those that the public are educating as prospective citizens? Is the parent to delegate all his responsibility to policemen and school teachers? Is the mother to forget that she has a duty to perform? One would think so on hearing the insistent appeals made to the police commissioners for truant officers. No intelligent parent is unaware of the habits of his or her child. If they live in an oblivious condition, letting the youngsters do as they please, they must expect to see their children land in a reformatory, prison or penitentiary. The more the city endeavors to assume the parental control of children, the more parents will neglect this sacred office and the greater difficulties we must encounter. This century will not stand a curfew law, when the bell rings and children must go to bed or be gobbled up by policemen. The curfew rings in the home nowadays, not in the market square, and the greatest evils of the hour are owing to the weak and miserable demand of parents that policemen and schoolteachers and Sunday school teachers, and preachers and priests and bishops, shall look after the children who are only a reasonable charge upon the parents who begot them. I think as individuals and as electors we should resist any idea that parental responsibility shall be shouldered either upon the police commissioners or the Police Magistrate. If there is to



THE GOOSE GIRL.

promptly to let him on, can't say a word without being snapped up, and if he will wrangle the rest of us are treated to a running fire of ill-natured argument until the man gets off, perhaps a mile or two from where he got on. When a passenger has a mishap in getting off, the conductor will stand on the rear platform and yell at him that it was his own fault and he shouldn't go gawking about like that. Women who are not overly well dressed are, however, the ones who suffer most from this class of conductors, and the way they are sometimes badgered and lectured is nothing short of disgraceful. Almost every reader will have witnessed something like this. A woman getting off the car with a couple of children will remark: "I wanted to get off at the last street." "Well, why didn't you say so, then?" "I waved my hand at you." "I didn't see your hand—I've something else to do than watch your hand. Hurry up! I can't wait here all day. Some people make me sick," and he gives a savage pull at the bell. As the car speeds away, if there is anyone on the back seat who has shown any interest in the dispute, he will enlarge upon the ignorance of "some people," without suspecting that any sensible auditor would put him down as a mouthy ignoramus, and sympathize entirely with the woman. On Queen street west a short time ago I was on a car when an elderly lady hailed it from the wrong side of the street. The motorman stopped it, and the old lady started around as fast as her age would permit, when the conductor pounced upon her with these exact words: "Be quick! Git your skates on." The old lady stopped as suddenly as though she had received a blow, whereupon the conductor grabbed the bell, gave it two sharp pulls and snarled at the woman: "Don't you know enough to get on this side of the street?" pointing with his hand. "Well, just you wait for the next car,

certain times and places and certain ways in which he must not assert equality. They can appreciate value, while the native working-man tries to delude himself with the sophistry that a man's a man for a' that. It is a mere figure of speech to say that one man is as good as another. The man of culture is superior to the vulgarian and the latter knows it in his heart, though he tries to hide from others his knowledge of himself. If I had the selection of men for such an affair as the Industrial Exhibition, gate-keepers, caretakers, clerks, etc., unless I had a personal knowledge of men enabling me to select unerringly, I would give Englishmen the preference over Canadians in every instance. The imperative thing should be to select men who, when placed in contact with large crowds of people, will be obliging and more anxious to please than to impress the public with their importance. The main purpose of the Industrial is to accommodate and entertain the tens of thousands who pay admission, not to afford labor to the unemployed or to enable smart youths to lord it over teeming crowds whose movements should be facilitated by every employee. Put a typical Canadian youth in charge of a street car, or put him in any other immediate relation to the public, and his first care is to take no lip from anybody. This is our national characteristic, as exemplified in our street railways, our railways, our ticket offices, our police forces, our passenger boats, and in all our daily life. It has its advantages, too, but when a man is a public servant or is employed to serve the public, he should be satisfied with equality and not assert mastery. It is strange that we tolerate such mastery everywhere.

The careful reader of the daily prints may have discovered that a great Pan-American Congress was in progress in the city during

merical strength with the West York Teachers' Convention or the Toronto Ministerial Association. Those gentlemen who subscribed sums of money to bring the Congress here are no doubt entitled to feel that the goods which they bought were never delivered. When they paid their money it was not to provide our citizens with a midsummer course of lectures, nor did they put up their hard cash to promote good feeling between Jew and Gentile. A great Congress was to be held somewhere and the great benefit that would accrue to Toronto through the holding of it here was urged upon prominent citizens. In subscribing money they went into a commercial venture, a few speculated financially for the benefit of the whole city, and in this aspect the Congress was as great a failure as could possibly be achieved. In fact, there is reasonable ground for assuming that had Mr. Sherrin, the promoter, failed to interest Toronto capital in the enterprise the event would never have been pulled off at all. Apparently he came here, not representing eager thousands of anxiously waiting Pan-Americans, but merely representing a vague, general idea—the hobby of a few men, one of whom was sane enough to want a salary and others sane enough to require a guarantee of expenses. Those who aim to make this famous as a great convention city have a laudable purpose, yet there is no profit in buying people to come here at five dollars a head per diem.

In conversation the other day with Police Magistrate Denison I found him most unequivocally opposed to the present system of holding secret sessions of the Police Court for the trial of children. He recognizes, as we all do, that it is a great hardship for a child to be exposed to the public gaze when charged

be any innovation it should be that the parents of a naughty and neglected child should be brought up before the court and soundly rebuked. If the parents got a good strapping every now and then for neglecting their children, probably the children would be better taken care of.

Money Matters.

Some three months ago an important new line of industry—the manufacture of enameled ware—was entered upon by a Canadian firm. Enamelled hollow ware is now used very extensively. In fact, there is scarcely a kitchen in the country which does not use one or more utensils of this description. Up to within a short time ago, however, we imported all these goods, either from the United States or Germany, but the prospect is that our Canadian manufacturers will not only supply the home market, but may in time become exporters. Three substantial firms, the McClary Manufacturing Co. of London, the Davidson Manufacturing Co. of Montreal, and the Kemp Manufacturing Co. of Toronto, have begun making enameled ware, and samples shown prove that first-class goods can be produced at reasonable prices. As time goes on Canadians are becoming less and less dependent on the outside world for manufactured goods. How different our position is now from that of say ten years ago! This new line of manufacture is what may be called indigenous to this country. It has a fine prospect and will no doubt afford labor for large numbers of our people.

The glut of money in London is great, but the floating of new enterprises is making inroads on the loanable funds. During the first six months of 1895 new stocks and other securities offered for public subscription amounted to \$250,000,000 as against \$155,000,000 in the first six months of 1894 and \$125,000,000 in the corresponding period 1893. In the first six months of 1892 the amount was \$285,000,000. It would appear from this that the world over is surely improving. The year 1892 was what might be termed a "boom" year. In that year joint stock enterprises were all the rage in London, but the failure of the Barings effected a change in public sentiment, and in the succeeding year nothing but gilt-edged securities received any attention. Excessive conservatism has prevailed for over two years and is at last giving place to more hopeful views.

C. P. R. has been up to 59 in the London market, but has declined to 51½. When it was a good deal lower I intimated that it was not just the thing to invest in. I still hold to that opinion.

The situation of Commercial Cable seems to me strong. During all the panic times it has never failed to pay regular dividends, and even in the worst times was improving its position. It has for some time been undergoing a solidifying process, that is, getting rid of indebtedness. It now occupies a unique stand. Its bonds are all retired, its earnings are larger than ever and further increases in business will not entail the outlay of a dollar. The Postal Telegraph will be extending its lines from year to year and each extension will bring the Cable Co. new business. I look on this stock as good to buy anywhere under 100. Its merits will be recognized in time.

Toronto railway stock has advanced during the past few days. I think it is safe to buy at say from 80 to 81½ if it should work off.

Montreal Street railway stock is a good purchase for investment at 200 or around there. There is no 4 per cent. investment I know of safer. Montreal city bonds bearing 4 per cent. sell at 110. I would as soon have the railway stock as the bonds at equivalent prices. The stock is quite as safe and in the course of time will bring larger dividends. Anyone desiring a gilt-edged investment to bring in 4 per cent. need not hesitate to buy this stock at 200.

I see that Bank of Commerce stock is down to 135. This is a good investment at that price. Merchants' Bank stock will show fair profits if bought at 165.

Social and Personal.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Humphrey Anzer and Miss Marianne Alexandra Bomes Magurn, which takes place in the Metropolitan church on Thursday evening at half past seven. Admission is to be only by card, as is the new usage here. This event is creating no small interest in musical circles. The bride-elect is an accomplished amateur musician and the prospective bridegroom is one of the most popular of resident professional musicians, being president of the Ciel Club and likewise of the Canadian Society of Musicians.

Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Beardmore left on Wednesday for Niagara.

Mrs. and Miss Watson have gone to Brockville for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cox are at Center Island.

Mrs. Sutherland Stayner is one of the latest acquisitions to the cycling sisterhood.

Canon and Mrs. DaMoulin have returned home. Mrs. Alder Bliss is visiting her parents.

Mrs. Percy Elliott and child have gone to Peninsular Park for August.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Lapham are spending some weeks in Muskoka.

Invitations are out for an At Home at Hotel Hanlan this evening, to be given by the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Armstrong are on the Island for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. Miles are at Mrs. Johnston's. Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart are at the West End for the summer.

Mr. R. Martin and Mr. Gerald Wade of the Argonauts left last week on a canoe trip up the Grand River.

Mrs. E. J. Norrie will return from her summer residence, Acacia Cottage, Roach's Point, to 15 Grange avenue, next week.

The Misses Graham of 89 McGee street are spending the summer months at their villa, Belle Ewart, Lake Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods of Pittsburgh, Mr. Hostrawser of Chicago, Mrs. James Phillips of Guelph, Mrs. J. M. Skarh, Mrs. J. W. Marks, Miss Hostrawser, Mrs. George E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Stayner and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Eaton of Toronto are guests at the Hutton House, Muskoka.

Mr. Stafford Higgins left on Monday last for an extended tour through Western Canada on his wheel.

Mrs. Edward Lye, sr., has returned home after a three months' absence in Europe, very much benefited by the trip.

The Misses Dunn of 360 Wilton avenue entertained a number of their friends on Monday

evening. Miss Margaret Dunn as usual proved a most hospitable and delightful hostess. Among those present were: Mrs. O'Sullivan, the Misses Heydon, the Misses Higgins, Miss Sullivan, Doctors Shean, Fletcher, Harris and Heydon, Mr. Thomas McMahon and Mr. Battell.

During the past ten days the meeting of the Pan-American Congress has taken up the time and attention of quite a number of those yet left in town. To-day the August exodus begins and everyone who can take a holiday will be out of town before this day week. The delegates of the Council were bountifully entertained by Toronto people, whose hospitality is proverbial. Mrs. James had Mrs. Henrotin for her guest, and that clever and jolly woman renewed many pleasant friendships begun during the session of the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair, when she and Mrs. Potter Palmer were such a goodly pair of managers, though it was generally conceded that while Mrs. Potter Palmer was exquisitely gowned and uniformly gracious, energetic Mrs. Henrotin did the main part of the hard work. Mrs. Henrotin made the hit of the Congress last Tuesday in her remark about the garments of the mother of mankind, but whether her argument would bear dissection is another matter. Certainly the bifurcated attire in which she assures us our ancestress made her exit from Eden was neither in cut nor material *fin de siècle*. On Thursday afternoon a group of the delegates, escorted by Mr. Oliver Howland, called at the Grange, where Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith were, as usual, the most kindly of hosts. The visitors were charmed with the delightful old-time home, and indeed have nothing but praise for Toronto and its people so far as hospitality goes. Various merry parties drove about and the four-in-hand coaches were always filled on their tour through the city. This drive is quite the thing for tourists and the route is very judiciously chosen. The smart coaches, with their fine horses and dapper grooms and coachmen, are some of the sights which visitors remember with admiration and approval.

Rev. Stewart and Mrs. Acheson are at Waveney, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Case and family have gone to the Thousand Islands for a holiday.

Mrs. Ross Robertson is one of this season's cyclists. Mrs. Frederick Jarvis, jr., may also be seen out for a spin. In fact, not to be a cyclist is not to be in it just now.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearson are staying at Hotel Hanlan for the summer.

Dominion Appraiser T. F. Blackwood, wife and family, of Glenora, Rosedale, have gone to Muskoka for a few weeks.

Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, who is now residing with her eldest daughter, Mrs. J. R. Leslie, near Oakville, celebrated her eighty-second birthday on July 18. The day was quietly kept, only the immediate members of the family being present, including Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Franklin, with their children, of Tilbury, and Misses Jennie and Pansy Laing of Toronto.

Rev. G. M. Franklin, Incumbent of Tilbury, who has been visiting friends in the vicinity, preached at Christ church, Onaga, on Sunday last.

The choir of Westminster Presbyterian church visited Long Branch on Tuesday evening as the guests of Mr. J. J. Kelso and gave a delightful concert in the large pavilion. The building was crowded by the cottagers and their friends and quite a number made a special trip from the city for the occasion.

The arrivals at the Hotel Chautauqua during the past week are: Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Bain, Miss A. E. Bain, Mr. H. W. Evans, Miss J. C. McIlwraith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mr. H. E. Arnold, Mr. H. W. Evans, Miss E. Evans, Master Owen Evans, Mrs. Gundry, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Arnold, Mrs. J. E. Graham and Miss Lucile Graham of Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Rose of Alameda, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Cox of St. Catharines, Mrs. G. R. Talboys of New York, Mrs. E. C. Cushman, jr., and Miss Violet Cushman of St. Louis, Mrs. Frank Beadle, Miss Beadle, Miss L. Beadle, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Love, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Meister of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Hespeler, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Laura Hespeler, Miss Ethel Hespeler, Mr. Percy Hespeler and Mr. Norman S. Sagram of Waterloo, Mrs. A. H. Beddome, Miss Mary Beddome and Miss Geraldine Beddome of London.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock are spending the summer at the Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Gibson F. T. Arnold and his charming bride are spending a few weeks at the Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A most enjoyable picnic and dance was given by the Y.T.C. (Your too Carious) Club on Friday of last week in the I.A.A.A. pavilion. In spite of the rain a large number of guests from the city as well as residents of the Island were present. Among those I noticed: Misses Hunter, Rogers, Farr, O'Connors, Lennox, White, Smith, Allen, Vallery, Waycotte, Massey, Gattie, Mrs. Dunning and Miss L. Dunning, Mrs. Dill and Miss Dill, Mrs. Aronsberg, Mrs. Fawcett, and Messrs. E. Cameron, F. McKay, J. Smith, J. Rutland, B. Conlon, C. McEachern, B. Downs, J. O'Connor, J. P. Dunning, H. Dunning, G. S. Forsyth, F. Pole, H. C. Arnold, and Messrs. Sherwood, Murt and Nickson.

The country-house afternoon reception given by Major and Mrs. Pollatt last Saturday afternoon was one of the pleasantest functions of the midsummer season. Mrs. Pollatt made, as usual, the most charming of hostesses and everyone enjoyed the occasion to the utmost. The pretty summer home of Major Pollatt is situated close to Victoria Park, with a beautiful view of Lake Ontario, and is a perfect spot for an *al fresco* reception. I hear the affair was given in honor of Mrs. Mathewson of



Innes' Famous Band.

Montreal, who is visiting Mrs. Pollatt. High tea was served in a huge marquee, and the harpers played various selections during the afternoon. At sunset a miniature cannon was fired and the flag hauled down. Among those present were smart contingents from Stanley Barracks and Rosedale. The two brides, Mrs. Drynan and Mrs. Temple, were radiant in their trousseau fineries. Altogether, for a function given in the dull season when so many are out of town, Mrs. Pollatt's reception and tea might be pronounced a brilliant success. Ideal weather kindly smiled on the guests and everything went with great *clat*.

Mr. C. J. Mussen was married at St. Thomas church on Wednesday morning to Miss J. B. Williams. Rev. F. G. Plummer performed the ceremony. Mr. J. G. Mussen acted as best man, and Miss Edna Bond as bridesmaid. The happy couple left on the 2 o'clock boat for New York.

Miss Jessie Liddell of 22 Sullivan street is spending a vacation with friends between Cornwall, Kingston and Tuscarora Islands.

There was a large gathering at 111 Augusta avenue on Tuesday evening, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. Robert K. Young to Miss Elizabeth McPherson Grant, only daughter of Past Chief Grant of Strathclyde Camp, Sons of Scotland. Rev. Mr. Gilray performed the ceremony. Mr. A. Grant acted as groomsmen and the Misses Stein as bridesmaids.

The following are the arrivals at Grimsby Park during the past two weeks: Mr. J. H. Hodgkinson, Mrs. (Dr.) Hunter and family, Miss Jackson, Mrs. E. N. Moyer and daughter, Mrs. W. F. Forfar, Mrs. J. Forfar, Mrs. H. C. Davis, Mr. A. H. Welch of Toronto; Mr. Nicholas A. Wray, M.P.P., and family, Miss Vivian Burns, Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Crews, Miss Rutley, Mr. and Mrs. Beer, Miss Dodge, Mrs. Buchanan of Hamilton; Mrs. Beattie of Fergus; Mrs. Davey of London; Rev. W. C. Watson, Mr. David Marshall, Mrs. William Marshall of Brantford; Mr. Arthur White, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McPherson, Rev. J. and Mrs. Pickering of Woodstock; Mr. J. S. Leary of Brantford; Mr. J. B. and Mrs. Koehne of San Francisco; Mrs. Hanban and daughter, of Wellandport; Mrs. Eliza Rice, Miss Bessie Rice, Miss S. S. Rice of Baltimore; Mrs. Snowdon, Mr. C. R. Snowdon, Mr. M. Wilkinson, Mrs. and Miss Clarke of Guelph; Miss C. Brundage, Miss Lillian Armon, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving, Mrs. J. M. Scott, the Misses Snelgrove, Mrs. and Miss Meachem, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. N. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Madox, Mrs. and Miss Irving of Toronto, Dr. Johnson, Miss Hall of Tennessee, Mrs. J. E. Miller of Brantford, Mrs. Kernish of Hamilton, Mrs. Fowler of London, Mrs. McIntosh of Woodstock, Mrs. Gowing of Canfield, Mrs. J. R. Clark of Guelph, Mrs. Pooley, Miss Cooper of Buffalo, Mrs. Cockburn of Dundas, Mrs. J. J. Simpson, Mr. D. and Miss Thomas of Glencoe, Miss Florence Anderson of Arthur.

Mr. W. H. P. Weston, barrister, formerly of Toronto, now of Chicago, has been renewing old acquaintances here during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sangster of Quebec spent Sunday with Mrs. Botsford of Dufferin road.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins are on a visit to Mrs. Hodgins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton of Jarvis street.

Mrs. Mountford, whose lectures on Eastern Life and Customs delighted so many last season, attended the Pan-American Congress and was a guest at the Rossin House.

Mr. Harry M. Bennett, the local comedian, has returned after putting in a theatrical season of thirty-five weeks in the United States.

Mrs. Robert Gardner and family, of Bathurst street, accompanied by the Misses Adams of Bathurst street and Mrs. Jack Gardner of Spadina avenue, left on Saturday for Bala, Muskoka.

Mr. Ernie Rolph is in town after spending the past eight months in England.

Miss Mary Grassick was married on Wednesday to Mr. Walter J. Mathews of London, England. The ceremony took place at 22 Prince Arthur avenue, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Charles Rutan and Rev. Rural Dean Jones.

Mr. D. A. McKellar of New York spent a few days in town this week en route for a holiday at Penetang.

On Thursday afternoon at half-past two o'clock Bond street Congregational church was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Mr. D. M. Henderson and Miss Ada Collins were married. Miss Collins wore a wedding gown of white silk with veil and orange blossoms. Her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Bessie Collins, wore blue. Mr. C. M. Henderson was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson went east after the reception at 9 Lowther avenue, for a honeymoon on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong have been vacating at Surgeon Point. Mr. Armstrong, I am told, caught a twenty pound lung with a seven-ounce rod the other day.

Principal (a new apprentice)—Has the book-keeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon? Youth—Yes, sir. I was to waken him when I saw you coming.

Innes' Famous Band.

People who enjoy the playing of a splendid band and good music, vocal and instrumental, will be delighted with the opportunity of hearing Innes' famous band in Massey Music Hall on the first four evenings of next week, with Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday matinees in addition to the evening performances. Eight vocal artists are with the band, Miss W. G. Miner, soprano; Miss Annie M. Weed, soprano; Miss K. McNeill, contralto; Miss M. J. Wichman, contralto; Mr. W. Xanten, tenor; Mr. C. C. Ferguson, tenor; Mr. Ethan Allen, basso;



Innes

and Mr. Ston, basso. These are well known singers and have won great praise everywhere. Innes' Band is pronounced one of the greatest military bands in existence, and from everywhere comes the same report. The local papers of New Haven announce that "Innes' Band drew ten thousand people to Savin Rock yesterday." The Chicago Herald said nothing like it had ever been heard in the city, and that Innes himself is unique. We give a view of the band and also a portrait of Innes in uniform.

Satisfied.

The big office of the hotel was not full of people, noticeably, but it was somewhat overcrowded by the shrill utterances of a genial-looking old person, who sat off in one corner with a chance acquaintance.

"The theaters have been rather stupid this season, I think," the younger man was saying. "I always take the cable cars," replied the old person. "Them elevated stairs ketches my breath."

"I said the theaters have been dull," said the younger man, pitching his voice considerably higher.

"They jump about a good deal, and it's just as well for a man to look out for his ribs as not; but I like 'em. They're on the ground, which the elevated cars ain't."

"You're a little deaf, aren't you?" shouted the young man.

"Yes, sir!" was the answer. "I be. I'm deaf as a post." Then there came a chuckle, and the shrill voice continued, "Some folks thinks as that's a terrible affliction, but I don't. I kin always hear what I'm a-sayin', and that's interestin' enough for me."

Bound to Have a License.

Indianapolis Journal. A bewhiskered man who didn't look as prosperous as some of those behind him, pushed himself to the front of the line in the City Comptroller's office and stood at the license window.

"Is this where they get wagon licenses?" he asked the clerk.

"Yes, this is the place; pay your money up-stairs and bring the receipt down here," was the reply.

"Lum'me see. How much is a wagon license?" enquired the unprosperous man, as he fingered his pocket.

"It will cost you \$5."

"No less on that?"

"No, that's the price regulated by law."

"How much for an express license?"

"That will cost you \$1.25."

"Well, I can't afford it. I'll run my old wagon in the shed and turn my horses out to pasture. I ain't got enough money and can't borrow it."

"Well, I'm sorry—"

"Say, how much is a dog license?"

"One dollar."

"Well, gim'me one. That's all I can afford."

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SALE OF SILKS

Shot Glace, Silk Crepon and Taffetas, from 50c. per yard. Elegant Brocades, Silk Velvets, at less than cost.

Cloths suitable for tailor-made gowns, from 25c. per yard.

We are reducing the prices in our dress-making department away down for the next thirty days.

Special prices for Trousseaux and Mourning Outfits, and will complete them on the shortest notice.

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Great reduction in Gloves, both in Kid and Silk.

See our Chamois Wash Leather Gloves at 70c. per pair, in 4 and 8 ft. length.

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We are pleased to be able to announce to our White China Trade that Mr. Bischoff has placed the exclusive sale for Canada of his celebrated colors in our hands, and that we are now in a position to fill orders from any part of the Dominion.

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Social and Personal.

Concerts, informal dances and teas on the veranda follow each other rapidly at the Island, where improvements are daily being accomplished. Last week an excellent concert was given, under the auspices of the Victoria Dramatic Club, in the Island A. A. Hall by a smart coterie. Mr. Norrie was master of ceremonies. Miss Scott sang charmingly; her voice is rarely pure and fresh. Mr. Fairweather also sang several songs in a delightful manner. No encores were allowed, but Mr. Ramsay was obliged to break the rule to appease the vociferous crowd. Mr. Bert Plant played very nicely a concert solo, modulating the tones of the aggressive instrument until it was very pleasant even in the confined area of the hall. Mr. Martin Cleworth gave his well known burlesque of Sir Henry Irving in a recitation of Mother Goose rhymes. Mr. Blackley recited one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems and Herr Schuch sang several songs. The committee for this affair were: Messrs. E. S. Read, R. L. Cowan, H. Gerald Wade, A. E. Kirkpatrick, E. Foster Ambery, A. G. W. Langtry and Claude L. N. Norrie, manager.

Bicycling continues to divert the fashionable women still in town. On fine evenings one may meet most of one's friends on upper St. George street or on the way to High Park. Old ladies and women with perambulators stand waiting for five minutes to cross College street, for fear of the endless string of cyclists, interspersed with trolley cars, which wend their way east and west. Mrs. Cecil Lee is riding most capably, and with her husband and Mr. E. D. Gooderham may be seen taking their evening spin; Miss Walker and Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury Finch, Miss Grover, Miss Sauter, with many others are quite model riders and endorse the wheel enthusiastically. One is continually meeting some new rider who has learned either on the sly or in some adjacent city, and quite a number of bobbing costumes are in evidence. Now that the dullness of midsummer paralyzes the regular society doings, those who do not ride are distinctly objects of commiseration. It is little use to essay the quiet evening call; either a group of wheels ready for mounting proclaims the intention of the family, or the maid shortly informs the caller that her "missis" is gone out for a bicycle ride and didn't say when she would return. Not, you may wager, until her pretty eyes grow sleepy and her small feet too tired to push the wheel another yard.


The elocutionary entertainment given in the auditorium, Grimsby Park, last Saturday evening by the Philadelphia School of Oratory was highly appreciated. The audience was delighted with the beauty of expression and clearness of enunciation in Miss Ida Heyl's selections. The singing of Mr. W. N. Shaver of Toronto gave a pleasant variety to the literary programme, each piece being heartily encored. The following are the arrivals for the past week: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bond, Mr. J. H. Hodgkinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Skerritt, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Mackinnon, Mr. Leigh and family, Mrs. A. C. Crews, Miss Jackson, Miss Lillian Aronson of Toronto, Mr. Alexander Howell of St. Catharines, Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Alice McKeague of St. Thomas, Misses White and Brundage of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston of Tennessee, Mr. J. E. Miller of Brantford, Mrs. Rutley, Mrs. Aernish of Hamilton, Mr. Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mr. Heyl of Philadelphia, Miss Murray of Caledonia, Mrs. McIntosh of Woodstock, Mrs. Fowler of London, Miss McCrae, Miss Dubie of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. N. Hunter of Hamilton, Mrs. Finch of Galt, Miss McAuliffe, Mrs. Laughlin of Caledonia, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kenworthy of Philadelphia, Miss Lillian Henderson, Miss Stuart, Miss Annie Stuart of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lloyd of Hamilton.

The following are at the Penetanguishene Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perry, Miss Perry, Mr. and Mrs. John Donogh, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. O'Malley, Mr. E. E. Horton, Mrs. Blake Watkins, Mr. J. Fred Ramsey, Mr. C. J. Fairfield, Mr. E. T. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Keith of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. James Stephenson of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Stewart of Woodstock, Mr. F. Price of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Wilson, Mrs. Fraser of Catham; Mr. James D. Brierley, Miss Brierley, Miss Scott of St. Thomas; Mr. John Dickinson of Barrie, Mr. R. Max Dennistoun of Peterborough, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Boller of Buffalo, Mr. Edward Rogerson and the Misses Rogerson, Mr. William Huyck, Mr. S. D. Gilbert of Le Roy; Mr. E. E. Clapp, Miss A. B. Clapp of East Orange, Mrs. and Miss Marsh of Washingtonville, and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Collins of Cleveland. On Saturday evening the guests enjoyed an exceptionally pleasant concert, a number of good songs and recitations being given. Among those contributing to the evening's entertainment were: Mr. James Bicknell, Mr. Max Dennistoun, Mr. E. T. Campbell, Miss Scott, Miss Pidditch, and Mr. Gus P. Thomas. After the concert quite a remarkable dance was introduced, named The Penetang Tangle, which was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Kate Mason, Miss Dack, with her little niece, Miss Edith Mason, are summering at Prout's Neck, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Webster and family, of Park Road, are summering at Center Island.

There are a number of very charming Buffalo people summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake, many of them well known in Toronto. Among them are: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bissell, who have bought the Robert Dickson homestead near Paradise Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ball, who are at the Geale Dickson house opposite the Queen's Royal bowling green, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Buge, who have remodeled an old residence into a most complete summer home, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. William Marston, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ward, Hon. Pascal P. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Fryer, who are at the Queen's Royal. For the convenience of the Buffalo people a special train has been put on the Michigan Central, leaving Niagara-on-the-Lake at 7.35 in the



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A Hint of especially interesting SILKS—told of to-day for the benefit of Visitors who chance to be in town. City customers will count them cheap with one-third more tacked on.

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| Consisting of over 300 pieces | NILE GREENS MAISE CREAM | PINK BLUE OLIVE | BROWN WHITE HELIOTROPE and some 30 others |
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Manufacturer's price for these real silks 50c.
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BLACK SATIN BURESS—Your pick of over 30 pieces. 24 in. goods, worth regularly \$1 yard, special sale price 55c. \$2.00 at any where on receipt of price.

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morning and returning from Buffalo at 5.10 in the afternoon. Several Toronto people, who wish to break the journey to Buffalo without loss of time, take the 4.45 boat in the afternoon and stay over night in Niagara-on-the-Lake, arriving in Buffalo next morning in ample time for business.

Among the recent arrivals at Woodington House, Muskoka, are: Mr. and Mrs. James McMillen, Mr. A. E. Youmans, Mr. Frank Booth, Mr. J. R. McMillen, Mr. H. White of Toronto, Mrs. C. E. Burnett, Miss Burnett, Miss Lillian Burnett, Miss Winifred Burnett, Mr. S. Stephen Burnett of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Dinelli sailed for England last week. I hear there is a prospect of her return to reside in Toronto, which would be a boon to social and musical circles, as Miss Dinelli is a charming little lady as well as an accomplished artist. Who that has heard her play but wishes to hear her again? Her privileged friends also cherish a memory of her pretty singing and would enjoy an encore, especially of that plantation song arranged by Signor Dinelli, which is the cutest of dainty melodies.

Dr. Mockridge has been taking duty at St. Simon's during the past month, and the congregation have enjoyed his good sermons.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre, Toronto manager for the Sun Life Association Company, left on Monday evening for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. W. Moyer of Berlin are visiting Mrs. Moyer's mother, 233 Wellesley street, en route up the lakes to Mackinac.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Coe and Miss Lillie Ardagh have left for Peterboro', Lake Scugog and other points east.

Among the Toronto people who have been spending a few days at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and Miss Beatty.

A familiar figure driving about town is Sir David Macpherson, who, I am glad to notice, is looking pretty well. Mrs. Banks, who, with her two daughters, is at Chestnut Park, is as charming and stylish as ever.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was very largely attended, and fortunately a cool night added to the pleasure of the dancing. D'Alessandro is making quite a reputation for himself this summer, and his new music and excellent time are greatly enjoyed. This orchestra has been engaged for the season at the Queen's Royal, and the guests enjoy an informal dance every evening in the ball-room. In the afternoons the mandolin quartette on the terrace is a delightful feature of the hotel. Among those present at last Saturday's dance were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Miss Beatty, Miss Helen McCaul, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. W. B. Kingsmill, Miss Florrie Scarth, the Misses Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Dr. E. W. Spragge, Miss Florence Dickson, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Mr. E. Scott Griffin, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy and Miss Park.

Yachting has turned the complexions of many of our smart society young men into a good imitation of mahogany, and very well and strong and happy they look as they swing down King street with a truly nautical swagger.

Several of us wish that Mr. Cornell of Cobourg would strike Toronto in time for a summer concert. At Niagara, after playing tennis all day, Mr. Cornell bore the burden (and heat) of the impromptu concert at the Queen's, singing no less than ten songs, most of them refreshingly new and funny. Mr. Cornell is a son of charming Madame Albertini, who has so many friends and admirers in Toronto. He is a tall, slim, gentlemanly-looking fellow, with glasses, fair hair, and a knack of putting on a regular prayer-meeting face as a preparation for the most outrageous comic song, which is quite undeniably funny.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Grand are spending July and August at Twilight Park in the Catskills.

Mrs. C. H. Lockwood, 63 Wood street, with her grandson, Master George Hogarth, Markham street, is visiting in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Thomas Alison, College street, left on Thursday last with friends for a week's trip to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River and other points.

One of the prettiest weddings Wingham has seen was the marriage of Miss Emile Worts Roe to Mr. George Mortimer Duffield in St. Paul's church. The bride is a very beautiful girl and looked charming. Among the guests from Toronto were: Mrs. T. C. and Miss Stegmann, and Mrs. E. G. and the Misses Gooderham of Maplecroft. Mr. and Mrs. Duffield have returned from their trip to Eastern Canada, and Mrs. Duffield is receiving her

friends this week and following Wednesdays in her lovely new home, which in every detail bears evidence of the cultured taste of its dainty owner.

A magic lantern performance was given at the residence of Mr. J. D. Young, 10 Bellevue avenue, by Masters Melville Young, Albert Pie, Robert Mitchell, and Percy Jones, in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mr. G. M. Dantree is spending his vacation in Toronto.

Mr. Ratcliff W. Rowland, executive engineer of Forozapore Division, India, Mrs. Rowland (formerly Miss Florence Washington, daughter of Dr. Washington of 78 McCaul street), Baby Rowland and nurse arrived in Toronto last Sunday morning. Mr. Rowland is on furlough and will return to India in March. Mrs. Rowland is very pleased, after an absence of nearly two years, to revisit Toronto, where she was so favorably known as a popular reader, and her many friends welcome her heartily.

Miss Lottie Reid of St. Mary's is visiting her uncle, Mr. A. Reid, 391 Wellesley street, during her vacation.

Mrs. and Miss Hogaboom are the guests of Hon. A. M. and Mrs. Ross, Chaplain Island, Muskoka.

Mrs. Harcourt, the Misses Schooley of Welland and Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto are holidaying in the city of Quebec.

Mr. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor and Master Oscar F. Taylor have left for a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Miss Katherine Siddy of St. Louis and Miss Elma Lowell of Rochester are visiting Miss May Reid of 92 North Drive, Rosedale.

The Misses Augustine and Sophie Dubois of Kingston left for Kingston and the Thousand Islands on Thursday for several weeks. During their stay in Kingston they will be the guests of the Misses Hanley of Earl street.

Regretted It.

An excited military-looking gentleman entered the editorial sanctum one afternoon, exclaiming:

"That notice of my death is false, sir. I will horsewhip you within an inch of your life, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The editor inserted the following next day: "We extremely regret to say that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."

Starting Late in Life.

In the recently published life of the late Sir E. B. Hamley appears one of his favorite stories, which has reference to Capt. Brook, riding-master at the Cadet College. Brook was anxious to enter his son at Wellington College, and started one day to walk to the college from the station. Seeing Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, he confounded the one establishment with the other, walked up and rang the bell.

He asked the porter if he could see the principal. When the latter appeared Brook thought him a queer-looking figure for an instructor of youth. Brook said:

"I wish to put my boy under your charge if you can take him."

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Is he a bad case?"

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What better company can you have through a summer day than a good book? On the lake, in the woods, by rail, by boat, wherever you are or wherever you go, you will feel the need of a book. Don't go away without seeing our entire selection. Complimentary expressions with regard to our stock are so instant, and we are sure to suit you.

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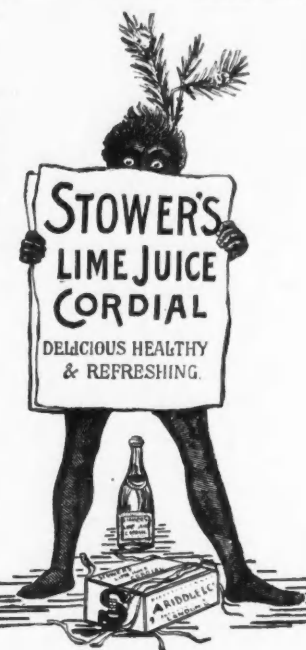
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AS SUPPLIED TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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"Bad case!" exclaimed Brook. "What on earth do you mean? There's not a better boy in England. The only thing I fear is that he may be too old."
"Why, how old is he?"
"He is eighteen."
"Pish! we take them up to eighty."
"Why," said Brook again in high dudgeon, "if he does not come here till eighty, what time do you suppose he's going to get his commission?"

Bain's Catalogue of

Colonial Libraries

(July, 1895)

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Ladies' Fashionable Summer Bangs, the greatest convenience during the hot season, never requires curling, always ready and always pretty.
Hair Goods made to order on short notice. Ladies' Waves, Head-coverings, Wigs, etc. Gents' Toupees and Wigs made to order, perfect fit and most natural appearance, made on our own improved principles.
Ladies' Hair Ornaments—Real Tortoiseshell, real Jet, real Amber, real Steel Combs and Pins.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Dressing. Hair Trimmed, Singed and Shampooed. Best of care taken with our customers' hair. Hair and Scalp treated after Fever, Itches, etc.

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Has just returned from New York after inspecting the latest styles in American, French and English dresses.
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Long Waist Coraline Corset

This beautifully modelled Corset is designed to meet the requirements of the latest Parisian designs, adds grace and contour to the figure and enriches the appearance of the dress worn. It is filled with our best pressed and tempered patent Coraline Cord, which, as a filling, is the most popular and satisfactory in use.

French Model Coraline Corset

The French Model has the same length of waist as the Long Waist Coraline Corset, and differs from it only by being shorter below the hips and at the front, which will commend it to those who wish a shorter Corset with Long Waist. They can always be recognized, as they have our name with Coraline and date of patent stamped on the inside of the Corset.

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The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"She outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices,
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it."

It is a week later and the village is now stirred to its depth! Such gaieties! Such gaddings to and fro! Such wonderful tales of what Lady Forster wore and Sir William said, and how Miss Prior looked. Gossip is flowing, freely, delightfully, and Miss Ricketty, whose shop is a general meeting-place, is doing a roaring business in buns and biscuits.

The Park, in fact, is full of guests. "Every corner," says Miss Blake to Mrs. Hennessy, in a mysterious whisper, "is full to overflowing. I hear that some of the servants have to be accommodated outside the house, and that Mr. Crosby has painted and papered and done up the loft over the stables in the latest Parisian style for the maids and valets."

"My dear!" says Mrs. Hennessy in an awful tone—very justly shocked, then, "You forget yourself, Maria!"

"Faith I did," says Miss Blake, bursting into an irrepressible giggle. "Law, how funny y'are. But they're safely divided, I'm told, on one side o' the yard, the other at this, as it were. Like the high churches we hear of in England. The goats and the sheep, ha—ha."

"But where are the maids?"

"Over the stables at the western side, some of them."

"You don't say so!" says Mrs. Hennessy. "Bless me, but maids like that. They wouldn't like—y'know, the—er—the atmosphere!"

"Oh, there's ways of doing away with that too," says Miss Blake with a knowing air. "But you'll come in, won't you, for a cup of tea? Jane's dyin' to have a chat with you."

Miss Blake is hardly to be trusted in matters such as these, her imagination being extraordinarily strong. And, indeed, the idea of those stables rose alone from her great mind! But although there are still corners in the splendid old Hall to let, it must be confessed that it is pretty full at present.

Guests at the Park! Such a thing had not been heard of for many years. Not for the last eight years at all events.

Then Crosby, who was about twenty-five, came home from Tibet, and his sister Katherine, who was quite a girl—being six years his junior—had been brought over from England by her aunt to freshen up her old love for him and to stay with him for his birthday. Not longer! The birthday came off within the week of their arriving. Lady Melland was a woman of society, who hated earwigs, and early birds, and sea-lamb, and insisted on bringing quite a big company "on tour" with her on this re-introduction of the brother to the sister, and had organized a distinct rout at the Hall during her memorable stay. It had created a fearful, if pleasurable impression at the time, and people are beginning now to wonder in this little village if Lady Forster will be a worthy representative of her aunt, or if perchance the aunt will again take up the deal, for Lady Melland has, they say, come here with her.

However, for once "they say" is wrong. Katherine Crosby had married Sir William Forster two years after the termination of that remarkable visit, and nothing had been seen of her since that, until now. She had, however, in between shaken off Lady Melland.

She has brought an innumerable company in her train, thus justifying the idea of the Curraghcloynes that she would probably follow in her aunt's footsteps, and as I have said, the village has waked to find itself no longer deserted, but the center of a very brilliant crowd.

Yesterday was the first of August, Saturday. And a most unendurable one on the small platform of the railway station. Possibly during its brief existence so many basket trunks have never been laid upon its modest flags before. To-day is Sunday, and possibly also the parish church has never had so large a congregation within its white-washed walls. Even the Methodists, quite a large portion of the Curraghcloynes people, deserted their chapel for the Orthodox Church. Even Miss Ricketty had been heard to say with distinct regret, "That she wished she was a Protestant for once."

The Hall pews, which number four, and for which Mr. Crosby, during all his wanderings, had paid carefully, are all filled, and the three seats behind them again, that have vacant sittings in them, are all filled also with the servants of the people in the four front seats. Never was there such a display in the small church of Curraghcloyne! And it was acknowledged afterwards by everyone in the town that though the Rector did not "stir a hair," the curate was decidedly "on a hair."

The curate was unnerfed beyond a doubt. He grew fatter and stouter as the service went on, and he never knows to this day how he got through his sermon. He says now, that people oughtn't to spring people on one, without a word of preparation!

Susan tried to keep her eyes off the Hall pews, but in spite of herself her eyes wandered. Betty did not try to keep her eyes off at all, so they wandered freely. She was able, half an hour later, to tell Susan not only the number of guests Mr. Crosby had, but the exact color of each gown the women wore, and she told Susan privately that she thought, if ever she were a rich woman, she would never let her servants wear red ribbons in their bonnets in church.

Mr. Haldane is rushing through his sermon at the rate of an American liner! And presently the service is over, and all move with the cultivated leisurely steps, that are meant to hide the desire to run, towards the open door.

Some of the other rectory people have gone through the side door, and, with Bonnie's hand fast clasped in hers, Susan is following after them, when a well known voice calls to her:

"Susan, my sister wants very much to know you. Will you let me introduce you to her?"

Susan turns her face, now delicately pink,

and she sees a small, dainty, pretty creature holding out her hand to her with the prettiest smile in the world.

Is this Mr. Crosby's sister?

"How d'ye do," says Lady Forster in a very clear if low voice. "George has been chanting your praises all last night, no naturally I have been longing to see you. George's friends as a rule are a fraud, but—"

She pauses. Evidently amused at the girl's open surprise, not so much at her words as at her appearance.

"I'm not a bit like George. Am I?" says she.

No, she is not. Crosby is a big man if anything, and she is the tiniest creature. Her features are tiny, too, but exquisitely moulded. The coquettish mouth, the nose "tip-tilted like a flower," the well poised dainty head, the hands, the feet—all are small, and her figure slender as a fairy's. She is wonderfully pretty in a brilliant fashion, and her bright eyes are alight with intelligence. She is altogether the last person in the world Susan would have imagined as Crosby's sister. And yet there is certainly a likeness between them—a strange likeness—but, of course, his sister should have been large and massive, not a little thing like this. Susan had always told herself that she should be dreadfully afraid of his sister—but to be afraid of this sister!

Lady Forster, indeed, is one of those women who look as if they ought to be called "Baby," or "Birdie," but in reality she was named Katherine at her birth, with a big and a stern K, not a C—which we all know is much milder—and never did Susan hear her called anything less majestic by anyone. Not even by her brother or her husband. And this was probably that, beneath her charming butterfly air, there lay a good deal of character and a strength of will, hardly to be suspected in so light a creature.

"No," says Susan shyly. She smiles and involuntarily tightens her fingers on those she is holding—Lady Forster's fingers. "But—"

Still a greater shyness overcomes her here, and she grows quite silent. The "but," however, has been eloquent.

"You see, George. She thinks I am infinitely superior to you. How lovely of her." She laughs at Susan and pats her hand. "You will come up and lunch with us to-morrow, won't you? It is George's birthday. And considering the slap you have given him just now you can hardly refuse. It will be a little sop to his pride, and that's frightful! He thinks himself a perfect joy! I'm told that in Darkest Africa, the belles there—"

Here Crosby gives her a surreptitious but vigorous nudge, and she breaks off her highly spiced and distinctly interesting, if slightly unvarnished account of his doings in Uganda.

"What's the matter with you?" asks she, whispering to her brother, who whispers back to her many admiring things; she turns again to Susan. "We shall expect you to-morrow then. It will be a charity to enliven us, as we hardly know what to do with ourselves, being strangers in a strange land."

"Thank you," says Susan faintly. How on earth can she ever summon up courage enough to go and lunch up there with all these fashionable people? It is she who will be the stranger in a strange land.

"That is settled then," says Crosby quickly. Had he feared she would go on to say something more, to say that she had an engagement? "I will call for you at twelve."

"Oh, no," says Susan. "I," confusedly, "I can walk up. It—it is too much trouble."

"George doesn't think so," says Lady Forster with a faint grimace. "Is this your brother?"

She bends in her quick way and turns up Bonnie's beautiful little face and looks at it earnestly.

"What a face!" cries she. "Is everyone beautiful down here? I shall come and live here, George. No use in your putting me off. I'm determined. It is a promise then?"

Susan, smiling vivaciously. "That you will come to-morrow, and another day. We must arrange another day—you will bring me up this small Adonis," patting Bonnie's cheek, who smiles at her (children love all things pretty), "to see me."

"I shall be very glad," says Susan, tremulously. Then Lady Forster trips away to rejoin her friends, who are standing beside the different carriages and quarrelling gaily as to who shall go home with who. And for a second Crosby is alone with Susan.

"You said it was a promise,"

"Yes," says Susan, "but—I have not known any very—very—"

"Smart folk," says Crosby, laughing. "Well, you'll know them to-morrow, and I expect you'll be surprised how very little smart they are."

"But—"

"There shan't be a 'but' in the world."

"It is only this," miserably, "that I shall be shy and—"

"Not a bit of it. And even if you are"—he looks at her—"you may depend on me. I'll pull you through. But don't be too shy, Susan. Extremes are attractive things. Fatally attractive sometimes." He pauses. "Well, so much for the shyness, but what did your 'and' mean?"

"It meant," says Susan, with deep depression, "that they will all hate me."

"I almost wish I could believe that." He laughs again, as he says this, and gives Bonnie's ear a pinch, and follows his sister. Two minutes later, as Susan rejoins her own people at the little gate that leads by a short cut to the Rectory, she sees him again, talking gaily and handing into one of the carriages a tall and very handsome girl, dressed as Susan had never seen anyone dressed in all her life. It seems the very perfection of dressing. She lingers a moment—a bare moment—but it is long enough to see that he has seated himself beside the handsome girl and that he is still laughing—but this time with her—over some reminiscence, as the carriage drives away.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Anxiety is the poison of human life."

"I suppose I'll have to go," says Susan, who is evidently terrified at the idea, crumpling up a small note between her fingers. A most courteous little note sent by Lady Forster this morning, Monday, the 3rd of August, to ask Miss Barry's permission for Susan to lunch at the Park. She—Lady Forster—had met her charming niece yesterday, and had induced her to promise to come to them on this, her brother's birthday. And she hoped Miss Barry had not quite forgotten her, but would remember that she was quite an old friend, and let her come and see her soon.

It was a pretty little note and delighted Miss Barry, yet Susan found no pleasure in it, and now sits glum and miserable.

"Go!" cries Betty. "I should think so. Oh, you lucky girl!"

"Would you like to go, Betty, if it were your case?" this wistfully. Oh, that it were Betty's case!

"Is there anything on earth that would keep me away?" cries Betty enthusiastically. "What fun you will have there! I know by Lady Forster's eyes that you are safe to have a good time. I think," gloomily, "she might have asked me too."

"I wish she had," says Susan fervently. "If—I had one of you with me I should not feel half so nervous."

"What makes you nervous?" asks Carew.

"Well, they are all strangers for one thing—and besides," rather shamefacedly, "they will be very big people, of course, and at luncheon there will be entrees and dishes and things I have never even heard of, and," almost tearfully now, "I shan't know what to do."

"There are only two things to be remembered really," says Mr. Fitzgerald slowly but forcibly. "One is not to pick your teeth with your fork, and the other is even more important. For goodness sake, Susan, whatever you do, don't eat your peas with your knife. All that sort of thing has gone out. Has been unfashionable for quite a year or more."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to make fun of it," says Susan resentfully. "You haven't to go there."

"And is that what you call 'well for me'?" I wish I was going there, if only to look after your manners, which, evidently by your own account of them, leave a great deal to be desired. By the bye, there is one thing more I should like to impress upon you before you start. Never, Susan, no matter how sorely tempted, put your feet on the table cloth. It is quite a solecism nowadays, and—"

"If you won't go away, I shall," says Susan, rising with extreme dignity. But he leans forward, and catching the tail of her gown just as she is gaining her feet, brings her with a jerk to her sitting position again. After which they all laugh irrepressibly, and the emote is at an end.

"What a lot of servants they had in church," says Betty, alluding to the all-absorbing guests at the Park. "I suppose that tall woman was Lady Forster's maid?"

"Yes, and the little woman was Mrs. Prior's. By the way, that squares matters. Mrs. Prior has grown several yards since last year."

"It seemed to me that each maid sat behind her own mistress."

"So as to keep her eye on her. And very necessary too, no doubt."

"Did you see that pale young man, ever so thin and wretched-looking, but so conceited? His hair was nearly down to his waist, and he hadn't any chin to speak of."

"Oh that," cries Betty eagerly. "That's the poet. Yes, he is, Susan. He's a real poet. Miss Ricketty told me about him yesterday. He has written sonnets and whole volumes of things, and is quite a poet. Miss Ricketty says that's why his hair grows like that."

"Samson must have been the laureate of his time," says Dominick thoughtfully.

"So that was the poet," says Susan, who had heard of his coming from Crosby. "Well, he certainly looked queer enough for anything. I wonder," nervously, "who was the tall girl sitting next to Mr. Crosby?"

This was the tall girl whom Crosby had driven away.

"I don't know," says Betty. "Wasn't she pretty? And wasn't she beautifully dressed? Oh, Susan, didn't you want to see yourself in a gown like that?"

"No," says Susan shortly.

"Well, I did. I wanted to know how I'd look."

"As if you didn't know," says Dominick encouragingly. "Like Venus herself!"

"I never heard she had her frocks from Paris," says Betty, crumpling up an unkind little shoulder against him.

"You've heard so little, you see," says Dom, with gentle protest. "Now, as a fact, Venus had her frocks made by—"

"Well?" with a threatening air.

"Miss Fogarty," naming Betty's own dress-maker.

"Pshaw!" says that slim damsel contemptuously. "However, Susan, that girl was pretty anyway. I wonder who she was? Had she a maid, I wonder? There was a dark-looking woman amongst the servants further on; just behind the poet. Perhaps it was hers."

"Oh, no," says Dom gravely. "That was his."

"His?"

"The poet's. Yes."

"Nonsense!" says Betty. "What would he want a maid for?"

"To comb his locks and copy his sonnets," says Dom without blinking.

"Nonsense! Men don't have maids," says Betty, who seems to know all about it.

"Oh, here is someone from the Park," cries Jacky suddenly.

"Is it Mr. Crosby or Lady Forster?" asks Susan anxiously.

"Both of 'em," says Jacky in his own sweet laconic style.

The smart little cart with its wonderful pair of ponies rattles up to the door, and Miss Barry, who had known that someone would come to fetch Susan, and had therefore put on her best bib and tucker, emerges from the flower-crowned porch of the Rectory to receive Lady Forster, her old face wreathed in smiles.

It is sweet to her to see Susan accepted, admired by the Park people. "Our own sort of people," thought the poor old maid proudly,

ANALYSTS--Prove its purity.
PHYSICIANS--Its beneficial qualities.

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA?

Delicious and economical.

SOLD IN LEAD PACKETS. BLACK OR MIXED. ALL GROCERS




who had struggled with much poverty all her life.

And Lady Forster was quite charming to her. Insisted on going to see the old garden again, "which she quite remembered." Lady Forster had never stuck at a taradiddle or two, and was, after seeing it, genuinely enthusiastic over its old-fashioned charms. Might she bring her friends to see it? They had never, never seen anything so lovely! It would be a charity to show them something human, these benighted town people. To hear her, one would imagine she despised the town herself, whereas, as a fact, she could never live for six months out of it.

Miss Barry was elated—so elated indeed that she took a dreadful step. She invited Lady Forster, and all her friends, to tea next Friday, without a thought as to the consequences—until afterwards! Lady Forster accepted the invitation with effusion. There was no getting out of it Miss Barry felt during that dreadful "afterwards."

Meantime Susan had found herself, comparatively speaking, alone with Crosby, when she came downstairs, after putting on her best gown and hat. She had brought something with her besides the best gown and hat; a little silken bag, made out of a bit of lovely old brocade she had begged from Miss Barry a month ago. She had cut it out, and stitched it, and filled it with lavender seeds, and worked on it at odd moments when no one but Betty could see her (she was afraid of the boys' jokes) the words "Mr. Crosby, from Susan."

At first she had thought of buying something for him—something at Miss Ricketty's, who really had, at times, quite wonderful things down from Dublin, but her soul revolted from that. What could she buy him that he would care for? And besides, to buy a thing for a person one likes, and one who had been so good to Bonnie! No. She could not. It seemed cold, unkind. So she decided on the little bag that was to lie in his drawer and perfume his handkerchiefs, and tell him sometimes of her—yes—her love for him! Because she did love him, if only for his goodness to the children, and to her Bonnie first of all.

She had been afraid to run the gauntlet of the boys' criticisms, but Betty she clung to. A confidante one must have sometimes, or die!

"You know he told me, Betty, when his birthday would be."

"Yes. So clever of him," said Betty, who, if she were at the point of death, could not have refrained from a joke.

"Well, he has been good to the chicks, hasn't he? To darling Bonnie especially."

"Oh, he has—he has indeed," Betty declared remorsefully, melting at the thought of the little crippled brother who is so inexpressibly dear to them all.

Betty had hurried up with Susan to get her into her best things, and then had given her sound advice.

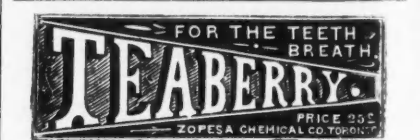
"Give it to him now, Susan. Lady Forster," glancing out of the window, "is talking to Aunt Jimma. Hurry down and give it to him at once. It is the sweetest bag. No one," giggling, "can say less than that for it. It's quite crammed with lavender."

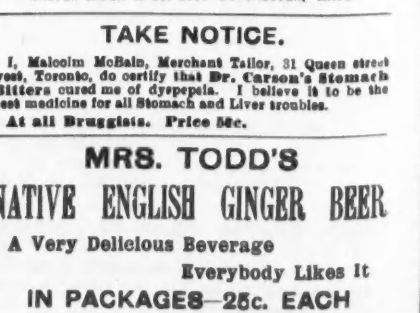
"Yes, I will," says Susan valiantly.

She doesn't, however. She hesitates, and is, as usual, lost. She tries and tries to take that little bag out of her pocket and give it to him, but courage fails her. And presently Lady Forster carries her off, and now the Park is reached and she finds herself in the lovely,

sunny drawing-room, and, after a while, in the dining-room, and still that little fragrant bag lies *perdu*.

Susan glances shyly around her. Sir William Forster, a tall young man with a kindly eye, takes her fancy at once, and there is a big girl over there and a big woman here (they must be



mother and daughter), who make her wonder a great deal about their strange garments. Mrs. Prior is here too, and Miss Prior, Mr. Wyndham's people. And at the opposite side of the table, Mr. Wyndham himself. Beside him sits the poet, a lachrymose young man with long hair and a crooked eye, and the name of Jones. No wonder he looks depressed. He has got his best eye fixed immovably on Susan, who seems to appeal even to his high ideal of beauty—and indeed throughout the day, she suffers a good deal, off and on, from his unspoken but quite open adoration of her. Poets never admire. They adore. And for a simple country maiden this style is somewhat embarrassing. On Mr. Crosby's right hand is sitting the tall and beautiful girl, with the pale roses near her throat, with whom he had driven home from church on Sunday. It seems all quite clear to Susan. Yes, this is the girl he is going to marry. But a girl so beautiful as that could make anyone happy. She had heard someone call her Lady Muriel. Rank and beauty and sweetness—all are for him. And surely he deserves them all; and that is why she is at his right hand.

(To be Continued).

Books and Authors.

DR. BOURINOT has written some very valuable books, but his latest volume, *How Canada is Governed*, may readily be described as the most important of all, in the sense that it will carry the greatest degree of enlightenment to the greatest number of people. I have not, for a long time, seen a better example of a learned technician placing himself in the position of an uninformed citizen and proceeding to explain intricate matters in the language of everyday life. When a lawyer begins to explain the law, or a scientist undertakes to initiate a child into the mysteries of a science in a few words, it generally happens that the simple explanation is more comprising and profound than the problem or the mystery. But in this book Dr. Bourinot has really succeeded, and has remarkably succeeded, in giving a lucid and simple account of *How Canada is Governed*. He has written other books that will hold a higher place among political economists, but he has produced nothing more useful than this one. It is simply invaluable, for he has set forth those items of information which so very few possess, but which all profess to have at their fingertips. The general divisions of the book are: (a) Growth of the Constitution, (b) Imperial Government, (c) The Dominion Government, (d) The Provincial Governments, (e) Municipal Governments in the Provinces, (f) School Government in the Provinces, (g) Government in the North-West Territories, and in conclusion a chapter on The Duties and Responsibilities of Canadian Citizens, and the B. N. A. Act of 1867 and Amending Acts. Published by the Copp, Clark Co. (Ld.).

Another edition of *Toronto Called Back*, by Mr. Conyngham C. Taylor, has just been published by William Briggs, and the author has this week sent a beautifully bound copy to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Copies of this book, all bound in the same elegant style, have been sent to Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress Frederick of Germany, the Princess of Wales (on the occasion of her silver wedding), the Duchess of York (on her marriage), the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and to the Imperial and Colonial Institute. A large number of new pages have been added in this latest edition, mostly treating of Toronto as a musical center. It might be interesting to reproduce the superscription written by the author on the fly-leaf of the volume sent to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, which is as follows:

To His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales:

In remembrance of many interesting occasions on which the author has seen your Royal Highness. First, during the Paris Exhibition, 1889, when a lad in company with Her Majesty the Queen and the lamented Prince Consort, your illustrious father, and the Emperor and Empress of France in the garden of the Palace of Versailles and in Paris. Afterwards in 1890 in Toronto and later on when driving out from Marlborough House with H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, and your first-born son on his Royal mother's knee.

Also in appreciation of the great interest taken by Her Majesty and your Royal Highness in all that appertains to Canada and Toronto as evidenced by the visits from time to time of the following members of the Royal family, viz.: H. R. H. Prince Alfred Duke of Edinburgh; H. R. H. Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught; H. R. H. Prince Leopold Duke of Albany; H. R. H. Prince George of Wales Duke of York; and further by your initiation and the completion of the great work of the Imperial Institute.

From your Royal Highness's
Loyal and Obedient Servant
C. C. TAYLOR,
F. I. Inst.

William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, will issue early in August a story by the late J. Jackson Wray, widely known as the author of *Nestleton Magna*, *Matthew Mellowdown*, *Simon Holmes*, *Carpenter*, etc. This new story—new in not having previously been published—is entitled, *The Red, Red Wine*, and is said to be a powerfully written temperance tale.

Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to acknowledge with thanks, through her private secretary, the receipt of a copy of Miss Fitz Gibbon's *Veteran of 1812*.

Mrs. Grant Forbes has written a story for the *Autonym Library* entitled, *Another Wicked Woman*. I think that we are all about tired of the wicked woman in literature and the drama. It is high time that the charming girl should return.

J. R. WYK.

Young Sherlock Holmes.

Detroit Free Press.

A man who could not speak one word of English halted a policeman on Madison avenue yesterday and apparently made some enquiry. The officer shook his head to signify that he did not understand, and the man indulged in many vigorous gestures to try to make the question clear. Time after time the officer failed to catch on, and time after time the man went through the same pantomime.

Both were badly discouraged when a small boy came out of a grocery with a dozen of eggs in a paper bag and halted to say:

"Can't you get on to his curves?"

"Can't understand a thing," replied the officer.

The man went through the gestures again, this time for the boy's benefit, and when he had finished the latter said:

"It's just as easy as fallin' down. When he goes this way he means he wants an ax-handle. When he goes so he means he wants some needles and thread for his wife."

"But he had still another motion, and I can't for the life of me make it out," replied the officer. "See—he's at it now!"

"That's dead easy, too," said the boy, after watching the gestures. "After he's got the ax-handle and notions he wants sunthin' in a bottle to take home, and by the way he clicks his tongue you kin be sure it's whisky instead of buttermilk. Lands alive, but I've seen my old dad use them very signs a hundred times over, and you could allus smell his breath for two days after!"



"Lort, but ten weather prophets can lie! Now hear tey say 'Fair To-night,' and it's raining like der devil."

(Copyrighted)

Not the Right Place.

Chicago Post.

The tramp was tall and gaunt and ragged. He was unshaven and had a forbidding, if not actually threatening, manner.

"I'm a poor man, mum, who's played in hard luck," he said. "I've been tramping around looking for something to do, and somehow I don't seem to get no chance."

"Well, there's nothing for you to do here," she replied.

"I know that, mum. I looked out for that before I come in, but I thought you might have some feeling for a poor man who's had a hard time. If you ever had a boy, mum—"

"I've had one," she interrupted.

"Then you must feel for me, mum, if only for his sake. If he was away from home tramping among strangers—"

"But he isn't."

"Ah, mum, then he must be a good boy to stay at home and look after the folks, but I sort of thought maybe I might make you think of him."

"You don't," she said shortly.

"Not the least bit, mum?"

"Not the least bit. He's six feet tall, weighs two hundred pounds and strikes a five hundred pound blow."

"Yes, mum," he said, slowly backing away.

"And if he should see you hanging around here," she went on, "I'd feel for you very deeply; I'm afraid I should have reason to pity you."

But he got away before the interesting son had a chance to see him.

A High Instep.



Shoemaker—What number do you want?
Miss Littlefoot—A small 'leben sah."

(Copyrighted)

The Wise Ameer.

Munchener Neueste Nachrichten.

A fanatic one day came to Abdurrahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and warned him against the advance of the artful Russians. The Ameer listened patiently to his talk for a while, contenting himself with the remark that he could see nothing of any approach of the Russians.

"Oh! Lord of the Earth," the man exclaimed, "I have scanned the horizon of politics with penetrating eyes, and I see the Russians are coming. Do you not see them?"

"My sight carries far," said the Ameer, "but yonder stands a tree which blocks the view. I am old, you are young. Go, therefore, climb that tree, watch the movements of those hateful Muscovites, and when they come too near, let me know."

The poor fellow had to climb up the tree, at the foot of which a sentry was posted. Three days passed over, but no Russians made their appearance. On the fourth day the man dropped from the tree through sheer exhaustion, and was killed on the spot. Since that time no prophet of evil has dared to show his face in Cabul.

No Bad Language.

Or breaking of salt cellars if Windsor Table Salt is used, for it doesn't cake. Ask your grocer for it. Natural crystals. Purest and best.

A Winter in Paris.

Mr. G. T. Fulford's Return from the World's Gayest City.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With Him—Some Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pill business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the best of them—at Versailles, the Paris suburb where the Emperors used to keep their court—has given favorable testimony through the press of quite wonderful cures through the use of Pink Pills in his practice; and the Religieuses, an order of Nuns like the Sisters of Charity, have also made an extensive use of Pink Pills in their charitable work, and given strong testimonials as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all round?"

"Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million three hundred and sixty thousand boxes of Pink Pills."

"That is a pretty large order, isn't it?"

"It is the best twelve months' business yet. Look for a minute what the figures mean. If all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—four years, twenty-one days, six hours and forty minutes, counting at the rate of one hundred a minute. Or, if you want further statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London, to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of the kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market then?"

"I cannot attribute it in reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills."

Was everything lovely, asked the reporter, or were there any crumpled rose leaves in the couch?

"Can't grumble, except in one way. There's a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores, and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had to prosecute on the criminal charge for it."

"But what do the substitutes do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?"

"No, not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can possibly know what is in Pink Pills; and if he did, he couldn't prepare them in small quantities to sell at a profit. They are not common drugs, and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying if the formula could be improved, and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing'?"

"After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has received the medicine, demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical men there, and as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris."

When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months' trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was "Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine." This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn out thing like Bland's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Bland's pill (which is not a



"I must insist upon having the Trade Mark brace, it is the best made."

MANUFACTURED BY THE
DOMINION SUSPENDER CO.
CANADA. NIAGARA FALLS, UNITED STATES.

proprietary at all, anyone can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignoramus and never ought to be trusted to sell medicine at all. A druggist as ignorant as that certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone one day."

Bad Chimmie Fadden.
New York World.

A small boy carrying a big cage, with a parrot in it, got aboard a Third Avenue "L" train at Fourteenth street last Thursday and took a seat next to a benevolent-looking man wearing a white tie.

The boy set the cage down in front of him and, as the train started, the parrot began to mutter in most unintelligible fashion. The benevolent-looking man glanced up from his paper and said:

"Nice parrot, isn't he?"

"Yep."

"Is he yours?"

"Nop; m' uncle's."

"What's his name?"

"Chimmie Fadden."

"Can he talk?"

"O' course; hello, Chimmie!" bending over the cage.

"What t'ell! what t'ell! what t'ell!" screamed the bird, without an instant's hesitation.

The benevolent-looking man got red in the face, and a girl across the car giggled. Other passengers laughed also. The owner of the white tie got behind his newspaper, while the small boy looked innocently out of the window.

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions

It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him, but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital? Lady—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him.

The Doll-Bride.

The new paper doll, issued by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., is certainly a beauty. Its pretty face, and many changes of fashionable clothing and hats, make it a favorite in every doll family to which it goes. The small sum of twelve cents, in stamps, brings this doll-bridal to any little girl who wants the very prettiest and sweetest of dolls.

Hogan—O! have a joke on Houghligan. They was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks of his whisky in rapid succession, an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself. Hogan—O! think th' joke is on th' man. Fwat for did he go to th' trouble av usin' a gun after three drinks av Houghligan's whisky?

"I never could understand," said the rusty-looking pilgrim, who was lounging near one of the entrances of the baseball park during the progress of the third inning, "how these turnstiles work. What moves them?" "It takes a fifty-cent ticket to make this one move," answered the cold, unsympathetic gatekeeper.

Nellie—Look at those pretty cows. Maudie—They are not cows; they are calves. Nellie—But what is the difference? Maudie—Why, cows give milk and calves give jelly.

The two deaf-and-dumb friends stopped for a few minutes' conversation. "What did your wife say about your being out so late last night?" asked one of them. "Nothing." "That's strange. What's the reason?" "She's got a sore finger."

MANLEY'S
CELERY Nerve Compound
WITH BEEF, IRON AND WINE

FOR
CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
ALL WEAKNESSES
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

UNEQUALLED! UNSURPASSED
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL!

Based on
GLYCERINE
Instead of
Alcohol.

TRY IT

Ask for MANLEY'S—Take no other.

Fibre Chamois vs. Buckskin.

The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co. have entered an action in the Supreme Court for an injunction and for \$5,000 damages against Bois-seau & Co., the owners of La Cie Generale des Bazar, of St. Lawrence street, upon the alleged ground that the defendants have been infringing plaintiffs' trade mark by selling an interlining known as "Textile Buckskin," under the name of Fibre Chamois, and to purchasers asking for the latter. The plaintiffs also complain of a sign displayed in one of the windows of the defendants' store, which, it is alleged, is calculated to deceive the public into buying what is called an imitation article under the belief that they are getting the genuine article. Plaintiffs are represented by Messrs. Macmaster and Maclellan, and will apply for an interim injunction.

"Are you the editor that answers the questions?" asked the elderly woman with a prominent chin and a large voice. "Yes, ma'am." "What would you do if your house was overrun with cockroaches and all kinds of bugs?" "Madam," replied the faithful man at the desk, "I would marry one of my daughters to an entomologist."

DON'T BOIL!

Simply pour boiling water on a tea-spoonful of

"REINDEER BRAND"
CONDENSED COFFEE AND MILK

and you have a cup of delicious coffee.

JUST THE THING FOR CAMPERS

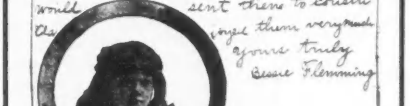
Saves time and trouble and overcomes the difficulty of obtaining milk at some farm house.

IF YOU DRINK COFFEE
TRY "REINDEER BRAND"

CONDENSED COCOA AND MILK
NO WASTE! NO TROUBLE!

(One of the Numerous Letters received.)

Dear Mr. Barbour—
I received the dolls you sent me and was much pleased. They were five times as nice as I thought they would be. I am sure they will give me much pleasure. Yours truly,
Bessie Fleming



Barbours' Dolls.

The complete set of 12 Barbours' Dolls will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 two-cent stamps.

AMUSE THE CHILDREN

They are Lithographed in beautiful colors on heavy, strong paper—each representing a different character—each 5 inches high.

Every Child Delighted

See that all your LINEN
THREAD carries this
Trade-Mark.

THOS. SAMUEL & SON,
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Manufacturers of Fine Underwear for Ladies and Children.
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Linen, Children's Underwear and Ladies' Underwear always in stock.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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VOL. VIII TORONTO, JULY 27, 1895. No. 36

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month.

In the Open Air.

PRIVATE HAYHURST must be a proud man over winning the Queen's Prize at Bisle. All the crack shots of the Empire covet that prize and very few ever get it. That a member of the Canadian team should carry it away in competition with rifleman from the whole Empire is a great source of pride to us. The way the man was lionized must almost have turned his head, and the end is not yet. Wait until he gets back to London in the Bush—just wait! I was informed on the street yesterday that Private Hayhurst is not Canadian-born and that he did not learn his shooting here, but in England, where he was a volunteer, and had previously shot with English teams on all the great ranges. He was, it is said, regarded as a notable shot before he came to Canada. However, the fact stands that he won the Queen's Prize as a member of the Canadian team, and we may claim that he finished his education as a rifleman here. Not only did a member of our team carry off the best prize of all, but many of the men distinguished themselves in other events, and in team shooting they showed up well. Altogether we may believe the telegraph liar for once when he says that the deportment and performances of the Canadians at Bisle and at Henley were such as to win the enthusiastic approval of Englishmen, who now regard Canadians as square and worthy sportsmen.

There is quite a revival in aquatics this year for one reason and another, and we may expect a great turnout at the regatta at Burlington Beach on Friday and Saturday, August 2 and 3. This regatta is under the management of the officers of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and the list of entries already published shows that there will be some splendid competitions. I should like to see the boats crowded as they leave the city for Burlington Beach at the end of next week, and an army of wheelmen should gravitate from all points to that point and enjoy a splendid quality of sport. I fully expect that Hackett of Rat Portage, who is entered for the senior singles, will do some phenomenal rowing. He fouled his Toronto adversary at the regatta last week and was ruled off, so that he will be in a proper frame of mind to show his heels to all comers if he can. And I think he can.

Another good event following upon the splendid rowing regattas that are being held this year, will be the race on Toronto Bay on Civic Holiday, between Jake Gaudaur and Ed. Duran. The course will be three miles with three turns, the race starting and finishing behind the big grand stand at Hanlan's Point. Some say that this will be Gaudaur's last race, but be that as it may, there should be a great turnout for it is safe to predict as good a race as was ever pulled on the Bay.

The Toronto Cricket Club defeated the team selected from Parkdale, Rosedale and East Toronto last week. When the combination eleven were dismissed in their first venture for the absurd total of 55 the result could easily be surmised. The game is very uncertain. The Toronto team was away ahead of the other in bowling. Mr. Cooper of Trinity had been selected to play for All Toronto, but the other side insisted upon having him, as he is a member of the club, and so the disparity in bowling was increased. In the bowling department the Torontos had Messrs. Goldingham, Laing, Wadsworth, Cooper and Wood, all trundlers of the first class, and affording a variety all the way from Mr. Goldingham's slow to Mr. Laing's cannon balls. On the other side were only Messrs. Lyon and Leigh, who can be rated as in the first class, and both are slow. Considering the disparity in the bowling, the total of 200 put up by All Toronto on the second day was the batting performance of the match. Notwithstanding comments upon Mr. Laing's bowling, there is not a player who faced him in the game but will declare him to be, at the present moment, at his very best. He may not have practiced with much diligence early in the season, but he is in form now and will rattle the American stumps when the time comes if he is not overbowed in the game. What I mean is, that he should be changed off and on again when a pair of batsmen are making a determined stand, and not required to pound away incessantly. Mr. Goldingham has been bowling for several years, but it is only this season that he has taken front rank. Apparently he has not altered his delivery or his pace, yet his bowling is now remarkable, whereas it was formerly mediocre and easily played. He delivers very high, his pace is slow, his length varies slightly and the ball breaks either way. He uses his head and has a definite purpose in every ball, and altogether I am disposed to agree with a prominent cricketer who asserts that Mr. Goldingham is

the best bowler in Canada this season. Mr. D. W. Saunders is scoring with great consistency this year and in the main, his 74 on Friday last was a fine performance. The full scores were published in all the papers, and I think it only remains for me to say in comment that the batting of Mr. A. G. Chambers, against five of the very best bowlers in the city, clearly entitles him, along with his heavy scoring all season, to a place in the international eleven this year.

HITTING VS. HITTING.

There'll be lots of fun this Friday on the Toronto cricket green, When the Hittites meet the Hittites—such a game was never seen. For the fine old men who played the game nigh thirty years ago, Will show that they can 'ne'er forget the tricks they used to know.

There'll be Fettlethwaite the mighty, Doctors Cameron and Wright; And Lyndhurst Ogden, secretary of everything in sight; Trustees Brown and Creelman, with Jackson ever great. While Boulton and Frank Cayley will handle real estate.

There'll be Lander from the Albany, and Alfred Boulton, too, And the Club's own doctor, Strath, will have more than he can do. McMaster, L. A. Tilley, J. R. Strath, Mister Foy, And P. H. Drayton will assume he is once more a boy.

The man who runs the weather says the day it will be "dry."

Whether the ground or the players, you don't know—nor do I; But the drought will be tremendous and much will be spent, I fear, To recompense the veteran Bob, who supplies the lager beer.

All honor to the grand old game and the hearts that ne'er grow old; For an Englishman's love for cricket is a love that can't grow old.

Though their hands may lose their cunning, in their hearts they ne'er forget The lessons learnt on English greens till the sun of life be set.

And there are some who in '91 met as we meet to-day, Whom we'll meet no more as we meet then—they've gone from us for aye.

They've played their innings good and true—we saw the wickets fall, And said in our hearts a last good-bye when they heard the Empire's call.

Oh, shades of the great departed, whose spirits are with us yet, Teach us the lessons ye learned so well, that we may ne'er forget.

Dear England and the noble game whose palm to none we yield, For all that makes a man a MAN, is found on the cricket field.

Thursday, July 25. F. W. M.

Sixty years of Canadian Cricket by Mr. John E. Hall and Mr. R. O. McCulloch, is a large and handsome book that should be purchased by every cricketer and lover of the game. In it the history of cricket in this country is related and all the great matches described. A large number of portraits of prominent players past and present are given, groups of prominent eleven, English and Canadian. The authors have given us a very valuable and tasty volume and I am glad to hear that cricketers in all parts of the province are buying it eagerly.

When Galt and Guelph meet at the latter city to play their first league game of ball this season (August 5 is the date, I think), there will be a contest worth seeing. The aboriginal population of both towns will be present and the excitement will be unlimited. One can form no idea of the abandonment with which these towns plunge into the game. In the old days when Toronto and Hamilton were at it hammer and tongs, things were lively, and a Toronto man who wants to live the past over again should go to Guelph to witness this game. The Khan should be called from seclusion to write an epic for the occasion.

TO MR. TRUSTEE BELL.
O Trustee Bell, the truth to tell
You're much behind the age;
Your pride alarms, 'gainst exposed charms,
Quite put us in a rage.
The times have been, as you have seen,
When schoolma'ams wore no bloomers;
They scruffy were, with skimpy hair—
A-faced crack-of-doomers;
But now they're sweet, with Trilby feet,
No reason for concealment,
Their outlines bold, when we behold,
Prevent the blood's concealment;
And when they spin along and win
The eyes of Wat and Tommy,
The boys will gain and hold amain
A grasp of anatomy.
With your harsh laws you'd find applause
From this and scowry sisters,
But mark you this, you were, I wis,
Elected by the misters.

Are you going to the circus? It is quite a while since we had a chance to see one of the old-time first-class circuses, but one is coming at last, with twenty trained animal clowns, three rings, two stages and a race track, fifty cages of rare animals, thirty performing wild animals, high-jumping horses and everything else that one expects to see when a great circus comes to town. It is claimed that Barnum & Bailey in this circus have no less than twenty-four elephants. Every schoolboy and girl in the city should see the circus, should see at least the wild animals, the strange creatures from foreign lands. And those of us who saw the gun when we were young should see it again next week. I am afraid that is a bad pun. In the trick department there are all sorts of animals, lions hitched to chariots and acting as horses, while other animals of the same species serve as coachmen and passengers; there are also hyenas, tigers, panthers, leopards, bears, wolves, sheep, dogs, ponies, baboons, monkeys, elephants, camels, goats, storks and pigs, all contributing to the trick department. The management of the Barnum & Bailey Show inform me that they are at a daily expense of \$7,300, which, if true, well indicates the vastness of the circus. SCRUTATOR.

Doubtful Cordiality.

Person's Weekly.

"How inattentive you are, John!" said the would-be considerate hostess to the son of the house. "You really must look after Mr. Brown. He's helping himself to everything."

Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite, looks rather discomfited.

Two Lost Letter Stories.

Youth's Companion.

An English merchant was advised by his agent that a cheque for \$600 would be sent to him by the next mail. It did not come, and the merchant at once made complaint at the postoffice. The postman on that route was called in by the Postmaster, and, in answer to questions, said that the missing packet was duly received and delivered. He remembered it distinctly—its shape, color and postmark. As his habit was, he had poked it under the house door, with two other letters and a newspaper. The merchant's wife had picked up three packets, and was positive there had not been a fourth.

The Postmaster went to the house and examined it carefully. Then he looked into the back garden. His eye lighted on a litter of puppies. A thought struck him.

"Have the dog kennel cleared out, please."

"Nonsense. Why?"

"Kindly have it cleared."

"Well, if it must be. Thomas, take out the straw."

On the floor of the kennel, torn into a hundred bits, lay the missing letter and cheque. A current of air along the passage had blown the letter about. The puppies, naturally enough, had pounced upon it as a plaything, and had had a good time.

Mr. Baines, who tells this story in his Forty Years at the Postoffice, adds another equally good. A merchant complained of the loss of a letter mailed from his office, containing some hundreds of pounds in Bank of England notes. Finally an expert from the Postoffice Department called upon him.

"Believe me, sir," the expert said, "I have an object in what I ask. Will you kindly sit at your desk and recall each operation connected with the missing letter?"

"With pleasure, I sit here. I take a sheet of this notepaper and one of those covers. Then I write my letter and fold it up so. Next I go to my safe and take out the notes, enter their numbers, fold them, put them in the letter, and the letter into the cover. Then I seal them all up as you now see me do."

"Just so; and what next?"

"Why, my clerk comes in and clears off my desk for the post."

"But you wrote this one at noon, and the post does not go out before night."

"Oh, yes, of course! I quite forgot to say that a money letter, for greater security, I put in a left-hand drawer."

"Which one?"

"Which? Why, this one. I open it so, and I—bless my soul! Goodness me! I am very sorry for the trouble I've given. Here is the letter!"

Trilby Unmasked.

A Game that Might be Introduced in Muskoka.

Baltimore American.

The girls of Norristown, Penn., are up to date, and they don't care who knows it. So recently the first Trilby foot party was given there, and the lucky young men who were present all are going about with that look of semi-allayed joy which characterizes a child who has taken its first bite of candy and has more to follow.

This novelty occurred at the home of Miss Sara Cressman, on Franklin avenue, and was given in honor of her guests, Misses Cornelia and Mary Watkins of Beaver Valley, Del. The leading feature was the pleasant, but difficult, feat delegated the young gentlemen to perform. The girls were hidden behind a screen,

with the exception of their shoeless and stockingless feet, which coyly protruded beneath the curtain.

The trick was for the young men to determine by looking at the pink-tipped, bewitching feet which girl was attached to the other end. The two gentlemen guessing correctly the greatest number of pedal extremities were awarded prizes of a Trilby pin and heart.

The rural community in this section have long been familiar with the public foot-washing of the Mennonites, but now that the Trilby foot party has been introduced the former function will seem commonplace.

Why He Took a Shampoo.

Boston Post.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

Barber—Jim is my twin brother, sir. Had long been broodin' over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy.

Victim—Hum! Not unlikely.

"Yes; he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike you couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo or something it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy.

Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. I might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir!"

"Y—e—s, please."

Willie Found It.

New York Recorder.

"Too bad," complained Mr. Hemingway; "been hunting an hour for my club pin. Dropped it out on the lawn and wouldn't take any money for it."

When he came home to supper he found the pin beside his plate.

"Whoop-ee!" he cried; "where'd ye find it?"

"I let Willie go barefooted this afternoon," explained Mrs. Hemingway softly, as she poured the tea.

Didn't Want to be Criticized.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Prisoner—Don't send me to prison, Judge. Judge—Why not? You confessed your guilt.

Prisoner—I know, but I have a brother in the asylum and a son in the reform school, and if you send me to the pen the public will at once raise the cry of nepotism on the family.

So It Is.

Boston Herald.

"And the presents?"

He waited for the reply with bated breath. "Harold," she replied, placing a tiny hand on each shoulder and gazing soulfully into his eyes, "there are only three duplicates."

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "I was figuring on twenty at least to sell. How shall we get through the year?"

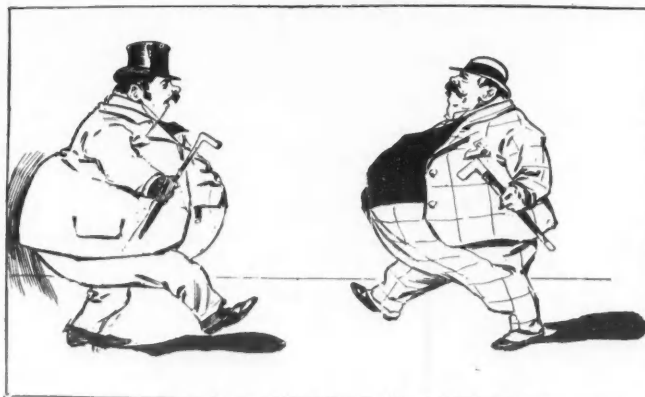
Then they both realized, as never before, that marriage is a lottery.

Hard to Answer.

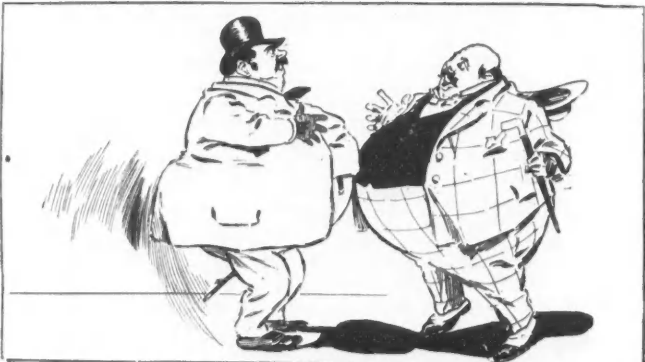
Pileggi's Blatter.

Mrs. Newly Wed (witnessing performance of Goethe's Faust)—Arthur, why didn't Faust marry Marguerite?

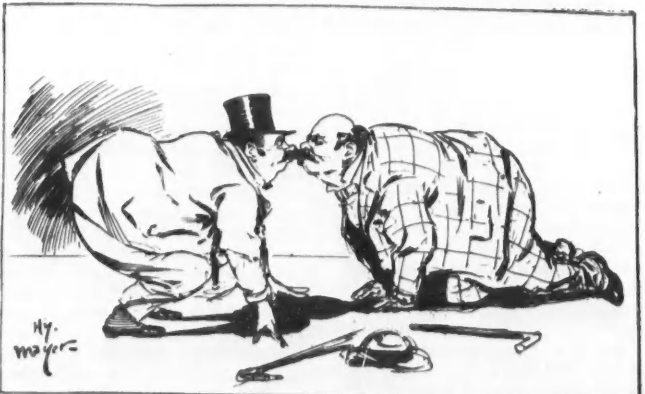
A Happy Thought.



The Fatts Brothers meet for the first time in ten years—



and to their embarrassment find it impossible to shake hands, so—



they kissed instead.

(Copyrighted)

The Scented Hay.

For Saturday Night.

Oh what happy songs they sing,
Singing, singing and merrily,
When the scented hay they bring
From the sunny meadows.

How the children laugh and shout
Riding on the clover,
Tossing, tumbling it about
Till they're covered over;
While the wagon creaks and groans
Rumbling up the ridges,
Bumping o'er the cobble-stones,
Breaking down the bridges.

Youth is like a load of hay
Coming from the meadows,
Morn'd with sportive Cupids gay
Firing thistle-arrows.
Age is when these weapons stick
In the horse's withers;
And the stubborn creatures kick
The wagon all to silvers.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Buchan Farm.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet the clover blossoms
Over Buchan Farm,
Warm the sunshine gleameth
Soft as Gilead's balm.

Upward from the meadow,
Backed by forest green,
Slowly wend the cattle
Through the summer sheen.

There's a stifled humming
Where the peonies bend,
Very sweet to look at
Other good they lend.

Panther's starry face,
Yellow lilies tall,
Pink and gladiolus,
Brightest of them all.

These the garden showeth
On the hill-top fair,
Crowning fields below it
Rich with thrift and care.

"Life, Love and Light" embodied,
The thought of God as flowers;
Through them to us He speaketh,
We make the moral ours.

EDITH CARTER.

The Fly That Opened the Season.

For Saturday Night.

He came quite unexpected,
Just this morning at daylight,
At the hour I had selected
For my nap 'twixt day and night;

At the hour when blows the breeze on
Restful forms beneath the clothes,
Then the first fly of the season
Went exploring up my nose.

With a sneeze all sleep dispelling
O'er my head I pack the sheet.
But that fly will need no telling
That the act displays my feet;

When I kick and kick with reason
With a kick that jars my bed,
Then the first fly of the season
Finds the bald spot on my head.

But the thing that prematurely
Makes me aged with despair
When I think I'm wrapped securely
And the sheets tucked up with care,

Just as rest benumbs the reason
Making rigid muscles slack,
Then the first fly of the season
Crawls sedately up my back.

Then with muttered maledictions
See the bed clothes tossed on high,
But with usual contradiction
Not a muscle lifts the fly.

Everything that's loose I freeze on
And when through the storm I peer,
Still the first fly of the season
With his hind leg fans his ear.

So farewell the nap at noon-time
And the calm piazza scene,
And the morning snooze in June time,
We must say good-bye once more,

For we know the errand he's on
And a welcome I bespeak,
For the first fly of the season
Brings his family next week.

A. T. WOODEN.

A Sweet Girl Graduate.

For Saturday Night.

When she read the valedictory
Her parents gazed with pride,
That knowledge all she held in thrall
They felt quite satisfied;

But later grieved she'd thus refuse
Her father's favorite dish:
"No trips, Papa; I thought you knew
I never liked that fish."

KATE M. CLARY.

A Woman's Library.

I do not care so much for books,

But libraries are all the style,

With fine editions de luxe

One's formal callers to beguile;

With neat dwarf cases 'round the walls,

And china tea-pots on the top,

The empty shelves concealed by falls

Of India silk that graceful drape.

A few rare etchings greet the view,

Like Harmony and Harvest Moon;

An artist's proof on satin, too,

By what's his name is quite a boon.

My print called Jupiter and Jo

Is very rarely seen, but then

Another copy I can't spare

Inscribed with Jupiter and Jo.

A fisher-boy in marble scope

On pedestal in window placed,

And one of Rogers' lovely groups

Is through the rich lace curtains traced.

And then I make a painting lean

Upon a white and gilded easel,

Illustrating that famous scene

Of Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle.

Of course, my shelves the works reveal

Of Plutarch, Rollin, and of Tupper,

While Bowdler's Shakespeare and Lucile

Quite soothe one's spirit after supper.

But when I visited dear Rome

I bought a lot of photographs,

And had them mounted here at home;

And though my dreadful husband laughs,

I've put them in the Marble Faun.

And envious women vainly seek

At Scribner's shop, from early dawn,

To find a volume so unique.

Here, once a week, in deep murmur,

Minerva's bust above us frowning,

A club of women analyze

The works of Ibsen and of Browning.

—Irving Browne in the Critic.

A Deserving Pensioner.

TOLD BY THE OLD SOLDIER.
Warden Allan Curtis in Harper's Magazine.
I never could understand what James McGibney wanted along of beln' in our troop of mounted rangers, for a more completely busted-up man than him I never did see. He had a wooden leg and a cork leg, and a glass eye which didn't match the real eye, so you couldn't tell which was which; wore false teeth, and an auburn wig with fifty-one gray hairs in it. He was all scarred up, and you couldn't tell his age any more'n a rabbit; but he said he was forty-seven, and had been puttin' three gray hairs in his wig every year since he was thirty. Some said he had been blown up, and some said he had been friz in a Minnesota blizzard; and the story was around that he had been married three times, and that each mother-in-law kep' on livin' with him after the dear departed was gone, until he had collected all three of 'em. He could stay on a horse, though he couldn't walk very fast, so our captain enlisted him, and sent a notice to the papers as how a veteran of the battle of Waterloo was a member of Troop A, First Colorado Ranger Cavalry.

We was ordered to Texas early in the spring of 1863, and McGibney went with us as first sergeant—an office he warn't in no way fitted for, and which I wanted. Mac was a good feller, though, and played a good game of cards, and we all liked him; but when him and me and the Captain, Jack Smoke, Bill Gashett, and Jonas G. Smalls, was surrounded by hostile Indians in a canyon where we was on a scout, and our horses was previously stamped by the same Indians while we was havin' a game of seven-up by the spring, I couldn't see why the Captain wanted us to carry McGibney with us as we tried to climb up the canyon-side, gittin' us all ketch'd, 'stid of one. But the Captain said he see we was all goin' to get ketch'd anyway, and as McGibney owed him and Smoke a good deal of money lost at cards, he didn't want to get separated from him, especially as all the Injun tribes we knowed anything about was at peace with the whites, and these fellers would probably let us go.

The Indians soon captured us, and we was taken off through the mountains for several miles, till we come to an old village of adobe houses, surrounded by a high wall, and the door of the biggest house was opened and we was thrown in. It was all dark in there, but the settin' sun blazed in through the door and shone for a moment on a little blue image bound with silver, hangin' high up against the wall, and we knowed right off that it was the Great Turquoise God, and we was captives of the mysterious Injun tribe we had heard about who worshipped the Great Turquoise God and et their captives. We was all doomed—all but McGibney. They couldn't eat him any more'n a stake-driver.

We never slept a wink that night, and see the first streaks of mornin' light as they come strugglin' in through two little winders high up in the walls. After we had breakfast the Captain got up on my shoulders and looked out of the winders. On one side was the village, and the savages runnin' around. The other winder looked beyond the village wall, which formed one side of the buildin' we was in, and not far off was a big river and nobody in sight but a single guard under the winder. The winders was fastened with flimsy little iron rods stuck in the dried mud of the adobe.

"I'll tell you what," said the Captain; "if I could git them rods out, we could all git through the winder."

"We'd have trouble in gittin' McGibney through," said I.

"I could break the rods, but the guard would hear me," said the Captain. "If I only had something to dig the ends out with; but them Injuns have took all our knives."

"If you'll take me along with you when you go, I'll git you out," said McGibney; and he passed up his false teeth, and the Captain soon had the bars loose, though he wore the teeth all out doin' it.

"Let's git the Turquoise God; it will bring in a good deal of money," said Jonas G. Smalls; but the light was so dim we couldn't see it, and we couldn't waste time boostin' men up all around the walls of that big room.

"Here," said McGibney; and he passed his glass eye up to the Captain, who put it in the winder so it reflected the light and sent a ray along the walls, and we see the Great Turquoise God, and Jonas G. Smalls put it in his pocket, and we was ready to go. Unfortunately, McGibney's glass eye rolled off the winder-sill and got smashed on the floor.

"But there's that there guard to deal with," said Gashett. "We forgot about him."

"Here," said McGibney; "just unscrew my wooden leg and knock him on the head with it."

Which same the Captain done, breakin' the wooden leg and the Injun's head both to once; and we all got out of the winder and sneaked down to the river. We see a boat on the other side, but we couldn't none of us swim any more'n a rabbit, and we didn't know what to do. But McGibney spoke up and said, "Unscrew my cork leg, and swim over on it and git the boat;" and Jonas G. Smalls done it, though he forgot to bring the cork leg back with him when he came with the boat, and we dassent go back for it. We went kitin' down the river at a great rate, and was jest gettin' encouraged when we heard yells, and there was a dozen Injuns cavortin' down the side of the river a quarter of a mile back. We paddled as hard as we could, but the bullets zipped around us pretty lively, and we was scared. Jest then we come to a curve in the river and some rapids. Close in to shore near the head of the rapids was a big dead tree, with its roots hangin' out over the water, covered with vines. Jest as soon as we was around the curve, and out of the Injuns' sight for a minute, McGibney steered the boat for the tree. "Jump out and stand in behind the vines," said he. We done so; he tipped over the boat, took off his wig and put it in the water with a chunk of wood under it; and when the Injuns come in sight, there was the boat tipped over in the rapids, and what looked to be a human head floatin' beside it. They kep' shootin', and pretty soon the head sunk, and they thought we was all dead, and went home and we went back to camp. We sold the Great Turquoise

God for a good price, and McGibney went home and drawed a pension for the loss of an eye, scalp, teeth, and two legs, all of them disabilities of his'n, which same the Captain and me and Jack Smoke, Bill Gashett and Jonas G. Smalls swore he received in the line of duty.

On the Majestic to Mackinac.

NEAR by year our great Northern Ontario becomes better known as a storehouse of mineral wealth, and every summer the number is increased of those town-tired people who have found in its blue waters, cool breezes and verdant expanses, a tonic for tired nerves and a delightful stimulant to the health of body and mind. In the Georgian Bay and North Channel of Lake Huron, surrounding the great Manitoulin and the lesser sisters of that magnificent archipelago, numbering not a thousand merely, but many thousands, lie such stretches of blue water, such bracing breezes and verdant hills as cannot but bring joy to the eye and soul of those who admire "nature unadorned," and who perceive some great craving of the natural man is met and satisfied by a sight of primitive fastnesses and wild life generally. In a word, the Great Northern Transit Company, by reason of their fleet of steamers, may be said to be conferring genuine pleasure and benefit on the many who avail themselves of this privilege at a cost but a trifle more than decent hotel accommodation. To meet the growing demands of the popular route to Mackinac via Sault Ste. Marie, this enterprising company last June launched a beautiful new screw steamer, built for them at Collingwood during the past winter—Majestic by name and in proportions. A few particulars concerning what is really one of the finest boats afloat on the lakes may be interesting. She is of 1,600 tons burden, built in the strongest manner of white oak and steel; dimensions, 230 feet long, 36 feet beam, and contains two water-tight compartments with solid bulkheads fore and aft. Her machinery and minor mechanical fittings are of the most modern type and give her a rating second to none. Her elegant cabins and staterooms are finished in white enamel and gold, and are furnished with mirrors, costly carpets and other fittings in palatial style, the whole brand-new outfit, from keel to topmast and from ocean anchors to table silver, costing about \$125,000. She is commanded by Captain P. M. Campbell, of long experience and genial manner; probably the most popular of lake captains. Purser Sam Hewitt and Steward Chas. Tymon are most attentive and obliging officers in their departments. The sister boats, the Pacific and Atlantic, helped to make and sustain the reputation of the line. No adequate description of the beauties of the trip may be here given. Collingwood is only four hours from Toronto. The boat sails at 2 p.m. and the first day is spent in the Georgian Bay with its rising headlands in full view. Calls are made at Meaford and Owen Sound, and then during the night the long run to Killarney is made, the tourist awakening to find wild Laurentian scenery and a fit appetite for the store of viands provided by the white clad waiters, among the delicacies of which may be mentioned Superior white-fish and trout—really "fresh fish."

Thence westward, with innumerable bewildering windings among the islands famed for rare natural beauty. Manitouwaning and Gore Bay and Little Current, flourishing trade centers, are visited, each revealing a picturesque setting. The magnitude of the two great industries of the region, fishing and lumbering, is shown by frequent calls at other ports. After the beauties of the St. Mary River are passed the tourist finds himself at the pretty town of Sault Ste. Marie, of 5,000 inhabitants, where an afternoon may be devoted to the new locks and the vast concourse of shipping from every quarter of the lakes. The visitor who cares to shoot the rapids at twenty-five cents a shot has opportunity, even pressing invitation, from such red and other men as may offer. There is an element of humor in the vocation of these pleasure-brokers, whose enterprise may be said to be more thrilling than a nervous deal in stocks. On the fourth day the tourist reaches the far-famed "fairly Isle of Mackinac," five hundred and sixty miles from the start. Most of the day and evening may be devoted to the woodland drives and lofty views of lake and harbor scenery, the fort of historical interest to British minds and the thousands of excursionists who flock there from American ports. Mackinac bids fair to rival some of the larger watering-places. It is the summer home of many millionaires already. However, beside their pretty cottages there were views of nature, of thrilling interest to the writer, rising indeed into emotions tending towards sub-

limity and forcing one to feel the meanness of all human adornment compared with the wonderful works of that great Hand which made all things, both sea and land. On leaving port the passengers were treated to a handsome race in response to a challenge from the C.P.R. liner, the Alberta. After a two hours' contest the Majestic showed her clean new heels to her rival; whereas there was modest thigh-slapping and exultation among the Majestic's officers. Of the one hundred and eighty passengers on board at the start, on July 11, Toronto sent many, among whom were: Mr. J. K. Macdonald and a party, bound for his summer home in Manitoulin, including Miss Baldwin, Miss Parfitt, Miss Perley, Mr. Ernatinger and Mr. Symons. A camping party to Collin's Inlet was composed of Mr. G. Bertram, Mrs. Bertram and family and Miss Phillips. There were also from Toronto: Mrs. Pugsley, Miss Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, the Misses Langlois, the Misses Watson, Miss McDonald, Mrs. (Dr.) Clark, Miss Clark, Mr. Wedd, Lieut.-Col. Buchan of the R.C.I., Mrs. Crawford, Miss Crawford, Miss S. Black and Miss M. Black. Among others were: Mr. J. S. Black of Chatham; Miss Dymond of Parry Sound; Dr. Marshall, Mrs. Hughes, Miss McRae, Mrs. (Dr.) Marshall and Mr. Hartley from Owen Sound; and a large contingent from Western Ontario, including citizens of London and Brantford. The return trip brought many American tourists, while Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan and son were en route to Little Current from their home at Sault Ste. Marie. The management of the route is, as everyone knows, under the able control of Mr. Charles Cameron of Collingwood.

Evidently Hypnotic.

Puck.
Borax (yawning)—Well, this is an awfully stupid novel!
Sam Jones—One of those hypnotic stories, I suppose!
Borax—I guess so. Somebody must have hypnotized the publisher or he'd never have taken it.

What He Lacked.

Philadelphia Call.
"George," said Maggie to her backward lover, "will you come down to the seashore with me?"
"Why?"
"Because there's so much sand there."
George evidently smelled an ocean breeze, for thereafter there was enough smacking to do for a miniature surf.

He Liked It.



Miss Going—Why do you object to baseball on Sunday?
Rev. Mr. Reuter—Because it is impossible for me to attend on that day.

Difference of Opinion.



Mabel—It seems to me that Charley Deadwell deserves a lot of credit for what he has done.
Dick—It is unfortunate for him that his tailor doesn't agree with you.

Barney Held the Watch.

An Occurrence Which Proves Conclusively That One Should Not Learn to Swim.

BEING a good swimmer is a very dangerous accomplishment. Almost the first thing you hear of a person who has been drowned is that he was a superb swimmer, and was like a duck in the water. The person who cannot swim is very apt to take no risks. If he goes upon the water it is on a ferry boat at the very least, and he prefers a Government dock or an iron bridge to a ferry boat every time. But the young man who can swim must be eternally defying the fates. He may escape a thousand times and laugh at his timid brother, but in the end something goes amiss, and the fellow who couldn't swim puts in a melancholy day as pall-bearer. Those who can swim will not admit that they possess a perilous accomplishment, but I can prove that it pays to be unable to swim by relating an actual occurrence.

Two young men were lounging on a street corner in an Ontario village twenty years ago last Tuesday night, at 7.30 o'clock, one called Barney Malloy, the other Jack Smith.

"Come on down to the mill-pond and have a swim," said Smith.

"I can't swim," answered Barney.

"Well, come on, anyhow. I'll swim and you can have a wash, and splash around the edge."

"Naw. I washed me neck last Sunday. I ain't goin'."

However, Barney finally went out and sat on the bank while Jack had a swim. He swam on his back, turned sceramaunts and quite astonished his audience of one.

"I'm going to dive off that stump," he said after a while. "You get out my watch and time me. See how long I can stay under."

Barney got out the watch and seated himself, and waited until the second-hand got around to the figure twelve.

"Ready—go!"

Jack plunged into the still pond and Barney watched the second-hand with one eye and the bubbling surface of the pond with the other.

"Darn! I wish I could dive like he does," he muttered enviously. "Haluf a min-ute—one min-ute."

The envy grew on his face.

"Two min-utes—not so bad. Hing on a bit, Jack—two and a haluf, three min-utes. That's blame good—not bad at all! Four min-utes—I wonder how long a good swimmer can stay down? Make it—there's the haluf; make it five. Forty, fifty—there's five minutes. Good, by George; that's purty good, if I'm any judge."

Barney didn't know anything about swimming or diving, but he had a general idea that a record was being broken.

"Nine."

"Ten."

"Eleven minutes. Come on, Smittie. That'll do. Here's a woman comin'. Say, Smittie, here's a woman comin', I tell ye—twelve. Twelve and a haluf. Aw, come on."

The woman went in another direction.

"Sixteen. Come on now, Jack. I won't keep time for ye."

The miller was out walking and he strolled over. Seeing Barney carefully noting the movements of the watch he paused and spoke.

"What ye doin', Barney?"

"Nine-teen. Timin' him."

"Timin' who?" asked the miller, sitting down on the log.

"Jack—tween-tee."

"Timin' him for what?"

"And a haluf—tween-tee-one. Timin' him fer a dive off that stump out there—and a haluf. Bet you can't dive like he can—wait a bit, there—tween-tee-two—he's down twenty-two minutes."

"What!" yelled the miller. "You don't say Jack's down there all this time?"

"That's what he is. Tween—"

"You fool, he's drowned."

The miller pulled off his boots and plunged in, and sure enough found poor Smith with his head stuck fast in the soft mud at the bottom. Barney did not sleep until after the funeral, and wept like a child at the fatal accident to his friend. But here is the point, in case you have missed it—Jack the good swimmer died thus in early manhood, while Barney, who could not swim a stroke, lived until nearly three years later, when he was killed by getting wound around the tumbling-rod of a threshing-machine. MACK.

With the Humorists.

Mrs. Jones—It is strange that a strong man like you can not get work. The tramp—Well, yer see, mum, people wants references from me last employer, an' he's been dead twenty years.

"Is this the smoking-car?" anxiously enquired an old lady at the Albany station. "No, madam," replied the polite young man, standing on the steps of the car; "you'll find the smoker on two cars ahead."

Sister May—I think if you should propose to Grace she would accept you. Brother Jack (eagerly)—Do you? Has she said anything? Sister May—No; but I know she was deeply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been announced.

"I owe my life to a miracle," said one of the combatants to Murger, the author of La Vie de Boheme. "I had left in my pocket a five-franc piece, and the ball struck flat on the spot where it was." "In your place, I should have been a dead man," was Murger's reply.

The poor drunkard lay in the gutter, while the thoughtless crowd jeered. Along came the good-hearted citizen and placed the unfortunate in a standing position. "Ah!" said the crowd; "he has been there himself." So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

"Proverbs was largely the ruin of me," said Mr. Everett West. "How?" asked the sympathetic citizen. "Take, for instance, that one about the race not being to the swift. I guess that there has made me lose more money on forty-to-one shots than would burn a wet dog."

She—I should like to draw your attention to something, but you are so jealous. He—Say on; what is it? She—A gentleman has been dogging us for a considerable time. He—Unfortunately I have no ground for jealousy on this occasion. The gentleman is—a sheriff's officer.

For the fourth time in one evening, the third assistant guard of the harem had beaten his royal master at chess. "I envy you your skill," said the potentate. "I flatter myself there are no flies on me," replied the underling. "Yes; I envy you. I really wish I had your head." And the thing was done.

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Short Stories Retold.

W. W. Story was a lawyer before he was a sculptor. The following story is told illustrative of his quickness and ingenuity: Story was counsel for the prosecution in the case of a woman accused upon circumstantial evidence of murdering her husband. Counsel for the defence adduced, as a fact tending to show his client's innocence, that at her husband's deathbed she exclaimed, with much feeling: "Good-by, George!" Story at once interrupted with the remark that attendant circumstances pointed to the assumption that what the woman really said was: "Good, by George!"

A newly married couple on the train near Gainesville, the other day, attracted a good deal of attention by their peculiar behavior. A lady got on the train at a station, and took a seat in front of them. Scarcely was she seated before they commenced making remarks in loud whispers about her wearing last season's hat and dress. She was severely criticized by them for some moments. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom, and, without the least resentment in her countenance, she said, "Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?" The son closed his mouth instead, and the bride did not giggle again for an hour.

Louis Armand, Prince of Conti, was an ill-made little man, and was always absent-minded. When it could be least expected, he would fall over his own walking stick. The folks in the palace were so much accustomed to this in the time of Louis XIII, that they used always to say, when they heard anything fall: "It's nothing; only the Prince of Conti tumbling down." At a masked ball in Paris, someone who had dressed himself like the Prince of Conti, and wore a hump on his back, went and sat beside him. "Who are you, mask?" asked the prince. The other replied, "I am the Prince of Conti." Without the least ill-temper, the prince took off his mask and, laughing, said, "See how a man may be deceived. I have been fancying for the last twenty years that I was the Prince of Conti."

When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst, many years ago, he was received by the Royal African Corps, black troops offered by white men. He attended a dinner party, wherein mulattoes appeared in full evening dress, low bodices, lace handkerchiefs and fans. Afterward, dining at Washington with Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, the prince amused himself by telling about his Bathurst dinner, and asked Sumner whether he had ever given his arm to a negress. The prince awaited his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who were quite sensitive on the color question; but he got out of it very adroitly. "My dear prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach and you practice. Don't let us mix the two things up together."

Lord Salisbury, the new British premier, is a conspicuous instance of energy, talent and indomitable industry, overcoming the disadvantage of birth—for it is a great disadvantage in English politics now to inherit a peerage. The short-lived ministry of Lord Rosebery is a striking illustration of the slender hold that even the most progressive and popular of peers has upon the political forces of the country. When Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil) inherited the marquise—one of the most ancient and illustrious in English history—it is related that his wife, the constant inspirer and collaborer of his political ambition, burst into tears. "They have sent Bob to the Lords; he will never be heard of again," sobbed the involuntary marchioness. Even she did not appreciate the power of intellect, the firmness of will and the force of character which were to make her husband, first, the most notable and trusted lieutenant of the great Disraeli, and finally the acknowledged chief, through many vicissitudes of fortune, of the great Tory party.

There is a story of an English curate who, having been instituted in his new office, went about his parish to make acquaintance with his congregation. One day he called on an honest farmer, who asked him how he liked Devonshire. "Oh, I like it exceedingly," said the curate, "but I find it rather muddy. I notice, however," he continued, pointing to

the farmer's boot, which had a prodigiously thick sole, "that you take a very sensible precaution to keep out the wet." "Well, you see, Mr. S—," said the farmer, "I have a club-foot." The curate, who was one of the shyest and most sensitive of men, fled from the house, so much was he grieved over the unintentional cruelty of his speech. James Payn says he always considered this story very humorous, and once told it in his "best manner" at a large dinner party in a house where he had never dined before. During the narration, he received a violent kick under the table from his next neighbor; but, supposing it to be accidental, went on talking. The tale was received in total silence, and it was some time before general conversation was resumed. "That was a very amusing story," whispered his neighbor. Mr. Payn was a little indignant at the want of appreciation shown by the others, and rejoined quickly: "But exceedingly stupid people to tell it to!" "No, my dear fellow, it isn't that. Our host has a club-foot."

Between You and Me.

LAST week the new electric railway, which has been rushed to completion by the builders on the American side of the Niagara River, was run over by an invited party of people eager to compare the merits of the new road with the high standard set by the older one. There are two sides to every question and two ways of looking at the Falls and the Whirlpool, and there is no one who has taken a look down but who will want to take a look up, and vice versa. Talking of the older road, which is the pride of that part of my heart which is distinctively Canadian (did not we get far ahead of our bustling neighbors by means of it, for the first time in our lives!), reminds me that there are a lot of things to "do" this summer on our side of the river. Let me tell you how I "did" them one day lately, and how much interested I was in them. To begin with, there is the vast powerhouse, which, on a broiling summer day, reminds one of the Assyrian furnace, being seven times hotter, so spotlessly clean, so neat, with that awesome suggestion of force hovering about the great dynamos, whirling around the broad belts and throbbing in the beat of the machinery. It is fascinating to watch any strong force in action, and very fascinating to think of this one, which men have surprised out of its freedom, and bound to do their will so completely that a turn of a handle starts it at work or shuts it down in breathless stillness. Some of the cunning ones among these men have invented automatic regulators which gauge the amount of power required from moment to moment, and release or shut it off accordingly, and you see them doing it, as cleverly as if they had brains. Then you can make lightning: you who are as scared of the readymade flash as I am will glory in the idea; and as Greek meets Greek, or rather, as a mysterious square black thing is lowered on another like incomprehensible block, on the face of those utterly inexplicable dynamos, flash goes the lightning, and no one is either "scared or killed." I enjoyed it like a five-year-old! Opposite the *c/c* in the park is the elevator, which scores distinctly against that awful corkscrew stairway of one hundred and forty-eight steps on the American side, by which one toils down and agonizes up after a weird voyage under the cataclysm. Here one slides through the air and steps out under the brow of a precipice that makes one scrouge oneself together in momentary terror that it may somehow come tottering over one. There is a little runlet of sulphur water a little way along the path to the tunnel, and cranks who like to insult their internal economy with nauseous draughts have here perfect facilities, if they had the foresight to bring down a glass or cup. Then one comes to the tunnel, wherein one may stand under the Falls and get all the noise and darkness and scare one likes in one's Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. Of course to emerge at the far end of it, where the water leaps and the place is washed with millions of gallons, one must dress up in the peculiar garb so well known to travelers, and which is *de rigueur* in a mad shower of spray. Wow! That tunnel is dark! and the shortness of it doesn't strike you while you are slowly creeping along with your heart in your mouth. Once more up to dry land you soar in the elevator, feeling (if you haven't drunk the sulphur water) a good deal more at your ease. Then there is the inclined railway at the museum, which latter, by the way, is quite a cute little affair, where one can really buy pretty and odd things. I slid down the railway while the manager told me unrighteous tales of a groundhog who was chased and killed by the incline car, and I was much interested in watching the labors of a couple of men who were busily stringing electric lamps along the sloping stone abutment, to make, at evening, a brave show of twinkles at the folks across the river and outline the slide. There is a queer canopy studio down there, where you sit on rocks that are very hard and jagged and have a picture taken. Afterward the artist puts in a grand background of Falls, and there you are! When I was pulled up from a small tour among the rocks and a long look at the Falls, the manager showed me the groundhog hero of his story, stuffed and in a glass case in the museum. So it is all true. The groundhog looks at you with candid, honest eyes and you feel mean to have doubted him. It is very easy to get about on the Canadian side, with elevator and pretty inclined road, and it seems much easier when one thinks of the one hundred and forty-eight steps just "byeant" there.

Talk about women giving away their affairs by talking in public! On that lovely day when I did the Canadian side there were two men, big, hearty old chaps with years of fun and good living and pranks to look back upon, with scores of funny stories, at some of which Mrs. Grundy would not have laughed, and reminiscences of old times by tent and field; dear old naughty soldier boys they may have been, and I sat just in front of them in the electric car. My word, it was an experience. They chatted in stentorian tones over people they

A Fine Outlook



Mr. Tenderfoot—Any shooting about here?
Blear-eyed Bill—A little. Jus' come from a shoot myself.
Mr. Tenderfoot—What luck had you?
Blear-eyed Bill—Oh, one tenderfoot bar tender, an' er real estate dealer.

(Copyrighted.)

knew and people I knew, and in their chat they gave me several amazing pointers. The family affairs, the health, the prospects and the habits of their friends were talked over with a frankness and a familiarity born of knowledge and an audibility born of deafness. Dear old awful men! What a turmoil society would be in if you all followed their example.

A man has written me a thoroughly nice letter, asking me to say a word to girls who patronize our Hamilton and Niagara excursion boats. He says they don't behave, and I dare say, though I never noticed it, that he is right. Lots of girls don't know how to behave, at home, on land or on water. That is the fault of their training and their lack of self-respect. The very first impulse to loudness and vulgarity is put in check by these things, in the lady, and when they are absent, all my talking, or all the talking on earth, won't summon a substitute. At the same time there are untrained girls who desire to be respected and will conduct themselves properly to that end, and there are silly little good-hearted idiots who will perhaps read this, and, remembering how they behaved last Saturday and other Saturdays, will make their little minds up to stop it. God bless 'em all. LADY GAY.

A Poser.

Deutsche Warte.

Professor Zanker, the famous Orientalist, one day received the copy of an inscription which a friend and admirer of his declared he had found in a medieval tome. The sender asked him to decipher the mysterious extract, promising to forward the valuable old MS. as soon as he got it from its owner, a relative of his. The inscription ran as follows:

VOY ERA WOH ROSSEFORP GNINROM DOOG
For three days the professor puzzled his brains without making any sense of it. Then his little son, a fourth-form boy, came into his father's study and spied the strange writing on the desk. After looking at it for a while he asked his father since when he had taken to writing backwards.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished professor.

"Why," replied the lad, "if you read this from right to left it runs thus: 'Good morning, Professor, how are you?'"

Presidential Advantages.

Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—It is a great thing to be President of the United States.

Potts—You don't say so?

"Oh, but I do say. Think of having all your fish stories written up for you by the correspondents, instead of having to make them yourself."

Toronto Industrial Fair.

An unbroken record of successes in the past is the best possible guarantee that the Toronto Industrial Exhibition of 1895, which opens on the 2nd of September, will be a display of unrivaled attractiveness. Many improvements in the buildings and grounds have been made to further the convenience of exhibitors and the public, and with the return of an era of prosperity the enterprise of the management will doubtless be rewarded by a thorough appreciation of the inducements offered. The volume of exhibits this season will be larger and more diversified than ever before, and special attractions of a brilliant and exciting character will be presented, including the novel military spectacle, The Relief of Lucknow, with gorgeous Oriental accessories and pyrotechnic effects on a scale of grandeur and variety hitherto unequalled. The system of cheap railway fares and special excursions from far and near enables all to visit the fair at trifling cost, and everyone should take advantage of the opportunity, as it embodies all that is best worth seeing and knowing in mechanical progress and scientific invention. All entries close on the 10th of August.

SUMMER SHOWERS



are hard on your cloth
but if you use

Fibre Chamois

as an interlining you will find that once dry it is as stiff and uncrushable as ever; so that the incidental wettings of a season can't injure the flare and style of your jauntiest gowns. Find the red label with the name and number on every yard, as inferior imitations of Genuine Fibre Chamois are plentiful. No. 10 is the light weight, No. 20 the medium, No. 30 the heavy.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors

Fashions.

THERE is a fashion in lampshades as well as everything else. The huge "umbrella" shades profusely trimmed with frills of lace and ribbon bows, so long in vogue, are now decidedly passe. To be correct, the lampshade of the moment must be as severe as it has heretofore been frivolous. The smartest ones are thick paper decorated with Louis XVI. figures—or flowers that harmonize with the coloring of the room they are to light.

Black is now so fashionably worn by those dressing in colors that, in order to preserve a distinction between mourning dress and mere black, there has been a recent return to a greater use of English crepe than has prevailed for some years. There has always been a great deal of discussion among the best people about mourning attire. With them the styles of making the gowns may change with the fashions of the moment, but the same materials remain in favor year after year. Thus Henrietta cloth has been preferred for the first mourning dresses ever since it superseded bombazine, a long while ago. There is also another well known fabric of larger twills, called imperial serge, and a very rich crepe cloth, that are thought interchangeable with Henrietta, and to these may be added for formal occasions dresses of perfectly lustreless armure silk of rich and heavy quality.

A difference, however, is observed for younger women, who wear as mourning for a brother English serge gowns, with the only crepe trimmings a collar and belt of folds and very short crepe veils. The appropriateness of this dressing has commended it to American women, and many families here now follow it. Black crepe is a fabric so much used by those in colors that its appropriateness for mourning wear is disputed by many. For those, however, who desire something more novel than Henrietta cloth there are crepons in long deep crinkles like those of English crepe, that seem to have been designed for the deepest mourning. A silk warp is woven in the wool, but the fullness of wool is retained on the surface. These are so thin as to be quite comfortable for summer wear, at least in comparison with Henrietta cloth. The only difficulty is that there is no way of trimming them heavily, as English crepe is not of sufficient contrast to be effective. They are at their best when completed by folds of the fabric, in bias bands and narrower milliner's folds well lapped, or else of dull silk and ribbons.

For thin black dresses the sewing-silk grenadines are considered the deepest mourning, and there are also evening gowns of the black chiffon and mousseline de soie so much used for trimming colored dresses. Camel's-hair grenadines, which are really fine qualities of the old-time bunting, are used as much as ever for serviceable summer wear. Black dotted Swiss is a favorite this season for thin cotton dresses. It is liked in the finest pin dots, in larger spots, and in rings. Cotton batiste is a smooth and beautiful thin goods that makes inexpensive dresses, as the percaline and cotton taffets are used beneath it quite as often as silk. Slightly heavier fabrics that remain always in favor for both deep and light mourning are crepes de Chine, some of perfectly plain surface and as black as jet, others of most varied crinkles. The armure silks worn for rather elaborate mourning are too well known to need description.

For very light mourning, which is scarcely more than complimentary, and in the last months of wearing mourning for a near relative, there are special fabrics, such as crepon with woven stripes or bars or lozenges, with

trimmings of pleated chiffon. Black Swiss mullin with white pin dots is also worn at this period, and ruffles of the same are the trimming along with the gros grain or taffeta ribbon. For traveling dresses are the black mohair Siciliennes, not of the most lustrous quality and very heavily woven. Foulards and crepes alike make pleasantly cool dresses, and may be either plain black or figured with white, pin dots or dashes being preferred. These are the materials also used for waists with plain black skirts of mohair or of crepon. When white dresses are worn they are of canvas, crepon or pique, with blouse fronts of black chiffon or of crepe de Chine, either plain or crinkled. LA MODE.

The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superiorly the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL WATERS.
River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The iron, twin-screw steamship CAMPANA, with all modern accommodations, is intended to leave Montreal at 4 p.m. on Monday, 5th, 19th August, 2nd, 16th, 30th, September, 14th, 28th October, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Percé, Summerside, P. E. I., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. Through connections to Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Boston and New York.

New York, Boston and Atlantic Coast.—The well known steamship ORINOCO, 2,000 tons, lighted by electricity and with all modern comforts, will cruise between New York and Quebec, visiting Boston, St. John, N. B., Yarmouth, Halifax, Charlottetown, Pictou, Bay of Chaleur and the Saguenay River, taking passengers only. Sailing from New York 7th August, from Quebec 27th July and 22nd August. First trips for health and pleasure. For tickets and all information apply to BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. ARTHUR ABERN, Secretary, Quebec.



"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX"

COMPOUND

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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You can improve your digestion wonderfully, by using
Adams' TUTTI FRUTTI GUM
Refuse imitations.

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Business men are the best judges, and they all dine at THE MERCHANTS RESTAURANT.
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Best place to lunch and dine.

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The pictures which Mr. James Smith, secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, himself an amateur of considerable ability, has gathered during his long term of secretaryship, are extremely interesting to us as Canadians, because they contain examples of the early work of nearly every Canadian artist of note, especially of those who laid the foundation of art life among us many years ago. A portrait of Mr. Smith by Mr. Robert Harris bears comparison with the president's later work, though not equal to it. A sketch of haymakers at work by the late Daniel Fowler is not a finished picture, but is spirited and truthful, the two huge haystacks showing fine color. A water-color of Black Cape, Bay of Chaleur, by Mr. John A. Fraser, is a well done bit of seascape. Although Mr. Fraser has left us, his work is often seen at our exhibitions still. A little water-color, Early Morning, by Mr. O. R. Jacobi, has all the excellencies of the artist's present style without some of the defects. It is a scene on the St. Lawrence at a curve in the river; steep, wooded banks, misty distance, a lighthouse making a point of brightness in the dim surroundings where daylight is just beginning. There are also several other examples of this artist's work. A water-color by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, a boat with sails spread showing purple against a clear yellow sky, differs considerably from the artist's present style. A little stream, swollen to a torrent in its narrow bed by heavy rains, a stormy lowering sky, a foreground of field and rock—these give the impression of one of nature's moods, and the picture is an excellent example of one of Mr. Homer Watson's best manner. Mr. Carl Ahrens is represented by a small canvas, One Day; one of those yellow summer days when grass and tree and sky take on the color of the atmosphere. Mr. Maxfield, who was one of the first teachers in the art school of the O.S.A., has called his picture The Art Critic. It is a newsboy, whose back alone you see; he bends attentively over a picture leaning against the wall, his hands planted firmly on his knees, his torn overcoat with capuchin over his head. Perhaps the gem of the collection is a water-color by Mr. H. Perry, one of the charter members of the Royal Canadian Academy, such a delightful harmony in cool blue-greens! exquisite in finish without hardness, a wide stretch of bright field in contrast to a dark group of foliage. A sketch of the same subject from a slightly different point of view was bought by the Princess Louise when it was exhibited here. A view of Westminster Abbey from the cloisters by Mr. Henry Martin; a moonlight scene by Mr. Harlow White; a splendid study of a dog by Mr. T. Mower Martin, than which we have seen nothing better of his in the animal line; a full rigged Indianman running before the wind in a heavy squall by Mr. C. H. Lewis; a sketch of coast by Mr. H. C. Miles of St. John, N.B.; a bit of foliage by Mr. Hawke, well known here many years ago as a teacher—these are among the works by names more or less well known, according as we are acquainted with the history of "early art in Canada."

While driving past a field a little east of the ranges on a recent Saturday, we noticed a number of artists at work (as it the League students), some making studies of cows that were lying in the shade, a few seemingly sketching the almost dried up creek.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has almost completed a portrait of Professor Gregg, late of Knox College. It is to be presented by the alumni to the college next October, in recognition of the quarter of a century's faithful work which the professor has just brought to a close. The portrait is a spirited likeness, the flesh color well relieved by the black robes and dark background.

For four and twenty years the French artists have resolutely refused to permit their works to be displayed upon the walls of the Berlin Kunst-Ausstellung. But this year a few of them have broken the rule, and doubtless the example will be followed by others. Self-interest is a great leveler of the barriers of prejudice. Among Americans represented in the galleries is Mr. Sargent, who sent his much admired portrait of Mrs. Hamersley.

The English Vanity Fair says of Mr. John William Waterhouse, a new member of the Royal Academy, that although "by no means a society artist, he will be a somewhat notable addition to the Academy." A painter who simply paints and does nothing else but mind his own business, is becoming as rare a bird in Burlington House as he is out of it. When they begin to elect Royal Academicians because they are such jolly good fellows, or so jolly well off, or such friends of the president—in fact, or for any reason except that they are fine painters—the end is at hand. Mr. Waterhouse does nothing but paint remarkably fine paintings and smoke remarkably old pipes. His St. Cecilia is one of the canvases of the year.

A very interesting article in the May number of the Peterson Magazine is on Some American Women Painters, plentifully illustrated from the works of Miss Mary Cassatt, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, Miss Cecilia Beaux, Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller, and Mrs. Ella Condi Lamb.

Mr. Sherwood has at present on view in no less than three windows, pictures that are of fine artistic finish. In the window of Messrs. Rogers & Sons he has on view a vigorously painted head of the canine order. It is entitled Bruno, probably the name of the animal represented. It is the property of Major Pellatt. In Messrs. Mullin & Muir's window Mr. Sherwood exhibits his Little Gambler, which was criticized in these columns some years ago, and is worthy of the warm apprecia-

Jack Spratt's Tandem.



Jack Spratt he grew so fat,
His wife she grew so lean,
O, happy thought, he went and bought
A tandem bike machine.



Thus Mrs. Spratt on forward sat
As down each hill they ran,
And, smiling, said, as on they sped,
"Jack is a pushing man."



And when with smiles they coast for miles,
Down some steep hill in town,
All said, though well 'tis plain to tell,
"They both are running down."

tion which greeted it upon its present appearance improved and toned. Mr. Sherwood's other display is in the Adams furniture window, where are two, both of which were on view at the last R.C.A. exhibition in this city.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Dog, the Man and the Meat.

A friend of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with envious admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you \$5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. "I am" or "I was" afraid to eat. As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, every one of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted.

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all. But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night, early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbor. They applied hot flannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw anyone's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow color and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul, bitter taste in my mouth, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain."

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicines, but I got no better. In August I went to Exmouth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I used to lie on the couch most of the time. I never expected to get well and didn't care much what became of me.

"One day in October my wife said: 'It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself.' She went to the Southern Drug Stores in Camberwell road and got a bottle of Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain in my stomach left me, my appetite improved and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked what had cured me, and I answered, Mother Selgel's Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74 Beresford street, Camberwell, London, December 1, 1892."

Mr. Harris' statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because the food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man lies in the proper form he gets



"Won't that be great? I lose my weight
By sweating on the wheel,
While Mrs. Spratt will gather fat;
Thus both gain by the deal."



Day after day they wheeled away
With merry song and shout,
And people cried, though long they hid,
"At last we find them out."



And now they bide, crowned with success,
The wonder-working wheel,
Which gave the fat to Mrs. Spratt,
And Jack a form gentler.

(Copyrighted)

vigor and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't there is something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, they say. That's so, but it's only half of the truth. Any man's meat is any man's poison, under certain conditions. If grain never got further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if bread (or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed, and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentation produces poisons which get into the blood and kick up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

But Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup does, as Mr. Harris says, and as thousands of others say.

Unpardonable Obliviousness.

Le Cloche.

The Little Viscount to Baroness de V.—You wouldn't believe how absent-minded I am, Baroness! It is difficult to imagine how anyone can be so thoughtless!

"What have you done this time?"

"I had bought you a bag of sweets, and while coming along—"

"You lost them?"

"No. I ate them!"

An Expensive Kiss.

Le Patriote.

Lillian Nordica was singing a few nights ago at the Opera House in the character of the Traviata. On retiring behind the scenes at the conclusion of the third act, she found herself clasped in the arms of an old gentleman, with tears of emotion streaming down his cheeks, who exclaimed:

"Let me kiss you! You are unique! unattainable! inimitable!"

Mme. Nordica was quite overpowered with the enthusiasm of the old gentleman. But she was still more overpowered when it was pointed out to her that her tiara of brilliants had sparkled in her hair had disappeared since that touching episode.

Both Equal to the Occasion.

Louisville Post.

A well-to-do gentleman of middle age said to me several days ago, "Do you know that I had rather shell green peas than do almost anything else? My wife says that it demoralizes the servants to have me do it, but I'm not living for the servants."

"The other day I sat down on our back porch with a pan of my favorite vegetables in my lap, and was enjoying myself in great shape, far from the madding crowd, for my wife had some well callers."

"All of a sudden I heard a woman's voice say:

"'Oh, I must see your cute back yard; I've heard so much of it.'"

"Then the window flew open and out popped two pretty bonneted heads."

JOHN LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

THE FINEST OF BEVERAGES

Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894. Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.



"I turned mine away, and my wife was equal to the occasion.
"Patrick," she said, "you must remember to mow that grass before Mr. — comes home."
"Yes, ma'am," I replied in my best brogue, and all was well."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FRANCIS FORBES.—There is a strong family resemblance between you and Douglas James. I don't think it such a forcible study and still more in need of development.

MARIE CORRELL.—You have every right to be proud of your character as shown by your writing. You are generous, hopeful, ambitious, sweet-tempered, with plenty of force and energy, and a constant, firm and practical purpose. Love of beauty and appreciation of art and literature are shown, with excellent discretion and honesty.

LITTLE MISS MURPHY.—I cannot gather very much from the "scrawl," as you call it. You are self-assertive, imperative and willful. Your lines lack most of the after and more ingratiating traits, but you are honest and well-meaning. Some temper and much candor are shown, and a decided love of effect with firm and positive will, lucidity and carelessness of detail.

NEW JERSEY.—This is a warm-hearted but not demonstrative person, clever and talented, having strong convictions and an idealistic streak. She should be a bright talker and rather laconic, very self-respecting and honorable, slightly diplomatic as an afterthought. Refinement, concentration, and an eye to the main chance are visible. The writer should be a good friend and a somewhat hard enemy.

ECHO.—This is a very amiable and rather brassy personage, full of vitality, youth and energy. Will is light but persistent, though not, perhaps, able to withstand much opposition; social instincts are strong, reasoning clear, and mentally well developed. Some tendency to despondency obtains, counteracted by ambition and a quaint touch of humor. Writer should be good in business, and not by any means like *nom de plume*.

ELYSABETH.—This is a very individual and original person, with great independence and enterprise. Imagination is well developed and refinement and culture marked. Writer has strong likes and dislikes, enjoys men's society, is bright and vigorous mentally, and has strong opinions and well set ways. An abounding vitality of mind and body is shown, with clever and sensitive traits. This is a thoroughly feminine and very charming study.

EDNA AUSTIN.—If you are as cautious as your study makes you no one will ever catch you napping or unguarded. The original views you sent for a study were quite superficial, as the note contains plenty of material. Your writing, though somewhat peculiar in character, is interesting and original. It shows nice truth and care for exactness, a deliberate mental process, justice, good judgment and love of the beautiful. Hope, tenacity and plenty of determination are shown; generosity and excellent sequence of ideas, with, on the whole, a well poised mind, are shown. Writer is the reverse to sentimental.

DOUGLAS JAMES.—The mood is the mind. Of course it is fluctuating the writing. Moods are not unvarnished. They are like the facets cut on the diamond of the soul, some show green lights, some rose-color, and some decided indigo tints, as they are turned; each one is there all the time, though. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of nervous force, a sharp judgment, and some refinement. I think you could take your own part well. You are truthful, sensible, quite lacking in sentimentality, and not apt to be easily influenced by emotion. At the same time I think it will take time to develop you and your writing.

FRID C.—1. I believe that is your signature, but the flourish somewhat obscure. 2. Your writing shows large vitality, a rather bright mind, somewhat given to schemes and a will apt to weaken under the stress of time. You like things and people immensely for a short time, and tire of them in short order. You like girls and have many an hour devoted at least to thoughts of them. You are a somewhat careless and unreasoning person. The artistic faculty is noticeable, but I cannot say developed. Little sympathy is shown, rather an off-hand and rough nature in affairs emotional; a strong but not very placid nature, showing a vein of pessimism. Still, I like your study and believe you are a very decent fellow. Don't pray to be delivered from yourself, but take fresh hold and work ahead. It will in your case be worth while.

SLAND.—It has not been my experience that young men require someone to begin conversation for them. They generally are quite ready to begin it and to keep it going too. But then they talk to an old girl easier than to a young one, a flirt, too, by the way. I wonder if you know what I think of flirts? If you do, you are daring. You

Physicians

prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil.

Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fish-fat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anemic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

seem a great deal too nice and too sensible to be any such wretched thing. Yes, I have read Marie Correll's Romance of Two Worlds. It is very fascinating, but cheapens at the final scenes. I should never dream of the imperitance of calling your admiration out. What sort of a person do you think I am? Your writing shows thought, energy and force of will. You are cautious but not mistrustful, fond of a good time and bright and vivacious in manner; rather ever-lucid at times, but I think you are yet not very aged. Your recollection of the rule about a man and woman only talking of him or herself when tele a tele, seems to me a very shallow and idiotic precept. One would not get much benefit from such conversations. At the same time, under certain absorbing conditions, no subjects are half so interesting. Have you ever been in love? I fancy not, or you wouldn't have penned your last question.

The French Ministers

In Ottawa have withdrawn their resignations. They were talking matters over between themselves while smoking Westminster Tobacco. This had a very soothing effect on their minds, and hence the result. Westminster Smoking Mixture in half-pound tins, to be had only at J. W. Muller's, 9 King street west.

An Efficacious Remedy.

El Diluvio.

A gentleman went into a chemist's shop and enquired: "Do you keep a good cure for corns?" "Yes, sir; here you have an excellent preparation. One of my customers has been using it for the last fourteen years with very good results."

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Headford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The Modern Daughter.

Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter," said the old-fashioned young man.
"All right," said the old gentleman. "If I can get her permission to give you my permission, go ahead."

K.D.C.
FOR DISTRESS AFTER EATING AND
SWEETENING THE STOMACH

Rev. A. B. JOHNSON, Westmeath, Ont.:

"I have used several remedies for dyspepsia, and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH BAD TASTE, BELCHING, BURNING IN THROAT? TAKE K. D. C.—THE KING OF DYSPEPSIA CURES.

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Short Stories Retold.

W. W. Story was a lawyer before he was a sculptor. The following story is told illustrative of his quickness and ingenuity: Story was counsel for the prosecution in the case of a woman accused upon circumstantial evidence of murdering her husband. Counsel for the defence adduced, as a fact tending to show his client's innocence, that at her husband's death she exclaimed, with much feeling: "Good-by, George!" Story at once interrupted with the remark that attendant circumstances pointed to the assumption that what the woman really said was: "Good, by George!"

A newly married couple on the train near Gainesville, the other day, attracted a good deal of attention by their peculiar behavior. A lady got on the train at a station, and took a seat in front of them. Scarcely was she seated before they commenced making remarks in loud whispers about her wearing last season's hat and dress. She was severely criticized by them for some moments. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom, and, without the least resentment in her countenance, she said, "Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?" The son closed his mouth instead, and the bride did not giggle again for an hour.

Louis Armand, Prince of Conti, was an ill-made little man, and was always absent-minded. When it could be least expected, he would fall over his own walking stick. The folks in the palace were so much accustomed to this in the time of Louis XIII. that they used always to say, when they heard anything fall: "It's nothing; only the Prince of Conti tumbling down." At a masked ball in Paris, someone who had dressed himself like the Prince of Conti, and wore a hump on his back, went and sat beside him. "Who are you, mask?" asked the prince. The other replied, "I am the Prince of Conti." Without the least ill-temper, the prince took off his mask and, laughing, said, "See how a man may be deceived. I have been fancying for the last twenty years that I was the Prince of Conti."

When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst, many years ago, he was received by the Royal African Corps, black troops officered by white men. He attended a dinner party, wherein mulattoes appeared in full evening dress, low bodices, lace handkerchiefs and fans. Afterward, dining at Washington with Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, the prince amused himself by telling about his Bathurst dinner, and asked Sumner whether he had ever given his arm to a negress. The prince awaited his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who were quite sensitive on the color question; but he got out of it very adroitly. "My dear prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach and you practice. Don't let us mix the two things up together."

Lord Salisbury, the new British premier, is a conspicuous instance of energy, talent and indomitable industry, overcoming the disadvantage of birth—for it is a great disadvantage in English politics now to inherit a peerage. The short-lived ministry of Lord Rosebery is a striking illustration of the slender hold that even the most progressive and popular of peers has upon the political forces of the country. When Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil) inherited the marquise—one of the most ancient and illustrious in English history—it is related that his wife, the constant inspirer and collaborer of his political ambition, burst into tears. "They have sent Bob to the Lords; he will never be heard of again," sobbed the involuntary marchioness. Even she did not appreciate the power of intellect, the firmness of will and the force of character which were to make her husband, first, the most notable and trusted lieutenant of the great Disraeli, and finally the acknowledged chief, through many vicissitudes of fortune, of the great Tory party.

There is a story of an English curate who, having been instituted in his new office, went about his parish to make acquaintance with his congregation. One day he called on an honest farmer, who asked him how he liked Devonshire. "Oh, I like it exceedingly," said the curate, "but I find it rather muddy. I notice, however," he continued, pointing to

the farmer's boot, which had a prodigiously thick sole, "that you take a very sensible precaution to keep out the wet." "Well, you see, Mr. S—," said the farmer, "I have a club-foot." The curate, who was one of the shyest and most sensitive of men, fled from the house, so much was he grieved over the unintentional cruelty of his speech. James Payn says he always considered this story very humorous, and once told it in his "best manner" at a large dinner party in a house where he had never dined before. During the narration, he received a violent kick under the table from his next neighbor; but, supposing it to be accidental, went on talking. The tale was received in total silence, and it was some time before general conversation was resumed. "That was a very amusing story," whispered his neighbor. Mr. Payn was a little indignant at the want of appreciation shown by the others, and rejoined quickly: "But exceedingly stupid people to tell it to!" "No, my dear fellow, it isn't that. Our host has a club-foot."

Between You and Me.

LAST week the new electric railway, which has been rushed to completion by the builders on the American side of the Niagara River, was run over by an invited party of people eager to compare the merits of the new road with the high standard set by the older one. There are two sides to every question and two ways of looking at the Falls and the Whirlpool, and there is no one who has taken a look down but will want to take a look up, and vice versa. Talking of the older road, which is the pride of that part of my heart which is distinctively Canadian (did not we get far ahead of our bustling neighbors by means of it, for the first time in our lives), reminds me that there are a lot of things to "do" this summer on our side of the river. Let me tell you how I "did" them one day lately, and how much interested I was in them. To begin with, there is the vast power-house, which, on a broiling summer day, reminds one of the Assyrian furnace, being seven times hotter, so spotlessly clean, so neat, with that awesome suggestion of force hovering about the great dynamos, whirling around the broad belts and throbbing in the beat of the machinery. It is fascinating to watch any strong force in action, and very fascinating to think of this one, which men have surprised out of its freedom, and bound to do their will so completely that a turn of a handle starts it at work or shuts it down in breathless stillness. Some of the cunning ones among these men have invented automatic regulators which gauge the amount of power required from moment to moment, and release or shut it off accordingly, and you see them doing it, as cleverly as if they had brains. Then you can make lightning; you who are as scared of the readymade flash as I am will glory in the idea; and as Greek meets Greek, or rather, as a mysterious square black thing is lowered on another like incomprehensible block, on the face of those utterly inexplicable dynamos, flash goes the lightning, and no one is either "scared or killed." I enjoyed it like a five-year-old! Opposite the *cye* in the park is the elevator, which scores distinctly against that awful corkscrew stairway of one hundred and forty-eight steps on the American side, by which one toils down and agonizes up after a weird voyage under the cataract. Here one slides through the air and steps out under the brow of a precipice that makes one scrounge oneself together in momentary terror that it may somehow come tottering over one. There is a little ratchet of sulphur water a little way along the path to the tunnel, and cranks who like to insult their internal economy with nauseous draughts have here perfect facilities, if they had the foresight to bring down a glass or cup. Then one comes to the tunnel, wherein one may stand under the Falls and get all the noise and darkness and scare one likes in one's Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. Of course to emerge at the far end of it, where the water leaps and the place is washed with millions of gallons, one must dress up in the peculiar garb so well known to travelers, and which is *de rigueur* in a mad shower of spray. Wow! That tunnel is dark! and the shortness of it doesn't strike you while you are slowly creeping along with your heart in your mouth. Once more up to dry land you soar in the elevator, feeling (if you haven't drunk the sulphur water) a good deal more at your ease. Then there is the inclined railway at the museum, which latter, by the way, is quite a cute little affair, where one can really buy pretty and odd things. I slid down the railway while the manager told me unrighteous tales of a groundhog who was chased and killed by the incline car, and I was much interested in watching the labors of a couple of men who were busily stringing electric lamps along the sloping stone abutment, to make, at evening, a brave show of twinkles at the folks across the river and outline the slide. There is a queer canopy studio down there, where you sit on rocks that are very hard and jagged and have a picture taken. Afterward the artist puts in a grand background of Falls, and there you are! When I was pulled up from a small tour among the rocks and a long look at the Falls, the manager showed me the groundhog hero of his story, stuffed and in a glass case in the museum. So it is all true. The groundhog looks at you with candid, honest eyes and you feel mean to have doubted him. It is very easy to get about on the Canadian side, with elevator and pretty inclined road, and it seems much easier when one thinks of the one hundred and forty-eight steps just "beyant" there.

Talk about women giving away their affairs by talking in public! On that lovely day when I did the Canadian side there were two men, big, hearty old chaps with years of fun and good living and pranks to look back upon, with acres of funny stories, at some of which Mrs. Grundy would not have laughed, and reminiscences of old times by tent and field; dear old naughty soldier boys they may have been, and I sat just in front of them in the electric car. My word, it was an experience. They chatted in stentorian tones over people they

A Fine Outlook



Mr. Tenderfoot—Any shooting about here?
Blear-eyed Bill—A little. Just come from a shoot myself.
Mr. Tenderfoot—What luck had you?
Blear-eyed Bill—Oh, one tenderfoot bar tender, an' er real estate dealer.

(Copyrighted.)

knew and people I knew, and in their chat they gave me several amazing pointers. The family affairs, the health, the prospects and the habits of their friends were talked over with a frankness and a familiarity born of knowledge and an audibility born of deafness. Dear old awful men! What a turmoil society would be in if you all followed their example.

A man has written me a thoroughly nice letter, asking me to say a word to girls who patronize our Hamilton and Niagara excursion boats. He says they don't behave, and I dare say, though I never noticed it, that he is right. Lots of girls don't know how to behave, at home, on land or on water. That is the fault of their training and their lack of self-respect. The very first impulse to loudness and vulgarity is put in check by these things, in the lady, and when they are absent, all my talking, or all the talking on earth, won't summon a substitute. At the same time there are untrained girls who desire to be respected and will conduct themselves properly to that end, and there are silly little good-hearted idiots who will perhaps read this, and remembering how they behaved last Saturday and other Saturdays, will make their little minds up to stop it. God bless 'em all. LADY GAY.

A Poser.

Deutsche Warte.

Professor Zunker, the famous Orientalist, one day received the copy of an inscription which a friend and admirer of his declared he had found in a medieval tome. The sender asked him to decipher the mysterious extract, promising to forward the valuable old MS. as soon as he got it from its owner, a relative of his. The inscription ran as follows:

UOY ERA VOH ROSEFOEP GNINOM DOOG
For three days the professor puzzled his brains without making any sense of it. Then his little son, a fourth-form boy, came into his father's study and spied the strange writing on the desk. After looking at it for a while he asked his father since when he had taken to writing backwards.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished professor.
"Why," replied the lad, "if you read this from right to left it runs thus: 'Good morning, Professor, how are you?'"

Presidential Advantages.

Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—It is a great thing to be President of the United States.
Potts—You don't say so!
"Oh, but I do say. Think of having all your fish stories written up for you by the correspondents, instead of having to make them yourself."

Toronto Industrial Fair.

An unbroken record of successes in the past is the best possible guarantee that the Toronto Industrial Exhibition of 1895, which opens on the 2nd of September, will be a display of unrivaled attractiveness. Many improvements in the buildings and grounds have been made to further the convenience of exhibitors and the public, and with the return of an era of special attractions of a brilliant and exciting character will be presented, including the novel military spectacle, The Relief of Lucknow, with gorgeous Oriental accessories and protechnic effects on a scale of grandeur and variety hitherto unequalled. The system of cheap railway fares and special excursions from far and near enables all to visit the fair at trifling cost, and everyone should take advantage of the opportunity, as it embodies all that is best worth seeing and knowing in mechanical progress and scientific invention. All entries close on the 10th of August.

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as an interlining you will find that once dry it is as stiff and uncrushable as ever; so that the incidental wettings of a season can't injure the flare and style of your jauntiest gowns. Find the red label with the name and number on every yard, as inferior imitations of Genuine Fibre Chamois are plentiful. No. 10 is the light weight, No. 20 the medium, No. 30 the heavy.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors

trimmings of pleated chiffon. Black Swiss muslin with white pin dots is also worn at this period, and ruffles of the same are the trimming along with the gros grain or taffeta ribbon. For traveling dresses are the black mohair Siciliennes, not of the most lustrous quality and very heavily woven. Foulards and creped silks make pleasantly cool dresses, and may be either plain black or figured with white, pin dots or dashes being preferred. These are the materials also used for waists with plain black skirts of mohair or of crepon. When white dresses are worn they are of canvas, crepon or pique, with blouse fronts of black chiffon or of crepe de Chine, either plain or crinkled. LA MODE.

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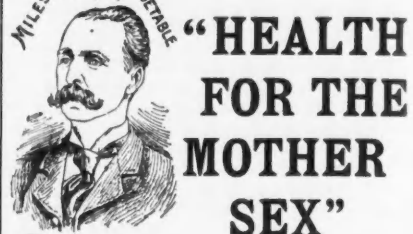
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QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL WATERS. River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The iron, twin-screw steamer CAMPANA, with all modern accommodations, is intended to leave Montreal at 4 p.m. on Monday, 5th, 19th August, 22d, 16th, 30th, September, 13th, 27th October, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspé, Porse, St. Maurice, P. E. I., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. Through connections to Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Boston and New York.

New York, Boston and Atlantic Coast.—The well known steamship ORINOCO, 2,000 tons, lighted by electricity and with all modern comforts, will cruise between New York and Quebec, visiting Boston, St. John, N. B., Yarmouth, Halifax, Charlottetown, Pictou, Bay of Chaleur and the Saguenay River, taking passengers only. Sailing from New York 7th August, from Quebec 27th July and 22d August. Finest trips for health and pleasure. For tickets and all information apply to BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Yonge Street, Toronto.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.



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The pictures which Mr. James Smith, secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, himself an amateur of considerable ability, has gathered during his long term of secretaryship, are extremely interesting to us as Canadians, because they contain examples of the early work of nearly every Canadian artist of note, especially of those who laid the foundation of art life among us many years ago. A portrait of Mr. Smith by Mr. Robert Harris bears comparison with the president's later work, though not equal to it. A sketch of haymakers at work by the late Daniel Fowler is not a finished picture, but is spirited and truthful, the two huge haystacks showing fine color. A water-color of Black Cape, Bay of Chaleur, by Mr. John A. Fraser, is a well done bit of seascape. Although Mr. Fraser has left us, his work is often seen at our exhibitions still. A little water-color, Early Morning, by Mr. O. R. Jacob, has all the excellences of the artist's present style without some of the defects. It is a scene on the St. Lawrence at a curve in the river; steep, wooded banks, misty distance, a lighthouse making a point of brightness in the dim surroundings where daylight is just beginning. There are also several other examples of this artist's work. A water-color by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, a boat with sails spread showing purple against a clear yellow sky, differs considerably from the artist's present style. A little stream, swollen to a torrent in its narrow bed by heavy rains, a stormy lowering sky, a foreground of field and rock—these give the impression of one of nature's moods, and the picture is an excellent example of one of Mr. Homer Watson's best manner. Mr. Carl Ahrens is represented by a small canvas, One Day; one of those yellow summer days when grass and tree and sky take on the color of the atmosphere. Mr. Maxfield, who was one of the first teachers in the art school of the O.S.A., has called his picture The Art Critic. It is a newboy, whose back alone you see; he bends attentively over a picture leaning against the wall, his hands planted firmly on his knees, his torn overcoat with capuchin over his head. Perhaps the gem of the collection is a water-color by Mr. H. Perry, one of the charter members of the Royal Canadian Academy, such a delightful harmony in cool blue-greens! exquisite in finish without hardness, a wide stretch of bright field in contrast to a dark group of foliage. A sketch of the same subject from a slightly different point of view was bought by the Princess Louise when it was exhibited here. A view of Westminster Abbey from the cloisters by Mr. Henry Martin; a moonlight scene by Mr. Harlo White; a splendid study of a dog by Mr. T. Mower Martin, than which we have seen nothing better of his in the animal line; a full rigged Indianman running before the wind in a heavy squall by Mr. C. H. Lewis; a sketch of coast by Mr. H. C. Miles of St. John, N.B.; a bit of foliage by Mr. Hawke, well known here many years ago as a teacher—these are among the works by names more or less well known, according as we are acquainted with the history of "early art in Canada."

While driving past a field a little east of the ranges on a recent Saturday, we noticed a number of artists at work (was it the League students?), some making studies of cows that were lying in the shade, a few seemingly sketching the almost dried up creek.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has almost completed a portrait of Professor Gregg, late of Knox College. It is to be presented by the alumni to the college next October, in recognition of the quarter of a century's faithful work which the professor has just brought to a close. The portrait is a spirited likeness, the flesh color well relieved by the black robes and dark background.

For four and twenty years the French artists have resolutely refused to permit their works to be displayed upon the walls of the Berlin Kunst-Ausstellung. But this year a few of them have broken the rule, and doubtless the example will be followed by others. Self-interest is a great leveler of the barriers of prejudice. Among Americans represented in the galleries is Mr. Sargent, who sent his much admired portrait of Mrs. Hammersley.

The English Vanity Fair says of Mr. John William Waterhouse, a new member of the Royal Academy, that although 'by no means a society artist, he will be a somewhat notable addition to the Academy.' A painter who simply paints and does nothing else but mind his own business, is becoming as rare a bird in Burlington House as he is out of it. When they begin to elect Royal Academicians because they are such jolly good fellows, or so jolly well off, or such friends of the president—in fact, or for any reason except that they are fine painters—the end is at hand. Mr. Waterhouse does nothing but paint remarkably fine paintings and smoke remarkably old pipes. His St. Cecilia is one of the canvases of the year.

A very interesting article in the May number of the Peterson Magazine is on some American Women Painters, plentifully illustrated from the works of Miss Mary Cassatt, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, Miss Cecilia Beaux, Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller, and Mrs. Ella Condit Lamb.

Mr. Sherwood has at present on view in no less than three windows, pictures that are of fine artistic finish. In the window of Messrs. Rogers & Sons he has on view a vigorously painted head of the canine order. It is entitled Bruno, probably the name of the animal represented. It is the property of Major Fellat, in Messrs. Mullin & Muir's window Mr. Sherwood exhibits his Little Gambler, which was criticized in these columns some years ago, and is worthy of the warm apprecia-

Jack Spratt's Tandem.



Jack Spratt he grew so fat,
His wife she grew so lean,
O, happy thought, he went and bought
A tandem bike machine.



Thus Mrs. Spratt on forward sat
As down each hill they ran,
And, smiling, said, as on they sped,
"Jack is a pushing man."



And when with smiles they coast for miles,
Down some steep hill in town,
All said, though well 'tis plain to tell,
"They both are running down."

tion which greeted it upon its present appearance improved and toned. Mr. Sherwood's other display is in the Adams furniture window, where are two, both of which were on view at the last R.C.A. exhibition in this city.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Dog, the Man and the Meat.

A friend of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with envious admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you \$5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. "I am" or "I was" afraid to eat. As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, every one of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted.

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all. But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night, early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbor. They applied hot flannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw anyone's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow color and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul, bitter taste in my mouth, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain.

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicine, but I got no better. In August I went to Exmouth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I used to lie on the couch most of the time. I never expected to get well and didn't care much what became of me.

"One day in October my wife said: 'It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself.' She went to the Southern Drug Store in Camberwell road and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain in my stomach left me, my appetite improved and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked what had cured me, and I answered, Mother Seigel's Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74 Beresford street, Camberwell, London, December 1, 1892.

Mr. Harris' statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because the food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man is in the proper form he gets

vigor and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't eat something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, they say. That's so, but it's only half of the truth. Any man's meat is any man's poison, under certain conditions. If grain never got further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if bread (or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed, and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentation produces poisons which get into the blood and kick up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

But Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup does, as Mr. Harris says, and as thousands of others say.

Unpardonable Obliviousness.

La Cloclo.

The Little Viscount to Baroness de V.—You wouldn't believe how absent-minded I am, Baroness! It is difficult to imagine how anyone can be so thoughtless!

"What have you done this time?"

"I had bought you a bag of sweets, and while coming along—"

"You lost them?"

"No. I ate them!"

An Expensive Kiss.

Le Patriote.

Lilian Nordica was singing a few nights ago at the Opera House in the character of the Traviata. On retiring behind the scenes at the conclusion of the third act, she found herself clasped in the arms of an old gentleman, with tears of emotion streaming down his cheeks, who exclaimed:

"Let me kiss you! You are unique! unattainable! Inimitable!"

Mme. Nordica was quite overpowered with the enthusiasm of the old gentleman. But she was still more overpowered when it was pointed out to her that her tiara of brilliants that had sparkled in her hair had disappeared since that touching episode.

Both Equal to the Occasion.

Louisville Post.

A well-to-do gentleman of middle age said to me several days ago, "Do you know that I had rather shell green peas than do almost anything else? My wife says that it demoralizes the servants to have me do it, but I'm not living for the servants.

"The other day I sat down on our back porch with a pan of my favorite vegetables in my lap, and was enjoying myself in great shape, far from the maddening crowd, for my wife had some well callers.

"All of a sudden I heard a woman's voice say:

"Oh, I must see your cute back yard; I've heard so much of it."

"Then the window flew open and out popped two pretty bonneted heads.

JOHN LABATT'S
LONDON
ALE AND STOUT
THE FINEST OF BEVERAGES
Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and
GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894.
Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and
EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT
IT HELPS DIGESTION
TO ASSIST DIGESTION, TO IMPROVE APPETITE
FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND A VALUABLE TONIC

"I turned mine away, and my wife was equal to the occasion.
"Patrick," she said, "you must remember to mow that grass before Mr. — comes home."
"Yis, ma'am," I replied in my best brogue, and all was well."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FRANCIS FORNIE—There is a strong family resemblance between you and Douglas Innes. I don't think it such a forcible study and still more in need of development.

MARIE C. K.—You have every right to be proud of your character as shown by your writing. You are generous, hopeful, ambitious, sweet-tempered, with plenty of force and energy, and a constant, firm and practical purpose. Love of beauty and appreciation of art and literature are shown, with excellent discretion and honesty.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET—I cannot gather very much from the "scrawl," as you call it. You are self-assertive, imperative and willful. You have lack most of the softer and more ingratiating traits, but you are honest and well-meaning. Some temper and much confidence are shown, and a decided love of self with firm and positive will, loquacity and carelessness of detail.

NEW JERSEY—This is a warm-hearted but not demonstrative person, clever and talented, having strong convictions and an idealistic streak. She should be a bright talker and rather impractical, very self-respecting and honorably slightly diplomatic as an afterthought. Refinement, concentration, and an eye to the main chance are visible. The writer should be a good friend and a somewhat hard enemy.

ECNO—This is a very amiable and rather breezy personage, full of vitality, youth and energy. Will is light but persistent, though not, perhaps, able to withstand much opposition; social instincts are strong, reasoning clear, and mentally well developed. Some tendency to despondency chafes, contracted by ambition and a quaint touch of humor. Writer should be good in business, and not by any means like *nom de plume*.

EDITH ARTH—This is a very individual and original person, with great independence and enterprise. Imagination is well developed and refinement and culture marked. Writer has strong likes and dislikes, enjoys men's society, is bright and vigorous mentally, and has strong opinions and well set ways. An abounding vitality of mind and body is shown, with clever and sensitive traits. This is a thoroughly feminine and very charming study.

EDNA AUSTIN—If you are as cautious as your study makes you no one will ever catch you napping or unguarded. The original verses you sent for a study were quite superfluous, as the note contains plenty of material. Your writing, though somewhat peculiar in character, is interesting and original. It shows utter truth and care for exactness, a deliberate mental process, justice, good judgment and love of the beautiful. Hope, tenacity and plenty of determination are shown; generosity and excellent sequence of ideas, with, on the whole, a well poised mind, are shown. Writer is the reverse to sentimental.

DONALD INNES—1. The mood is the mind. Of course it influences the writing. Moods are not evanescent. They are like the facets cut on the diamond of the soul, some show green lights, some rose-color, and some decided indigo tints, as they are turned; each one in turn all the time, though. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of nervous force, a sharp judgment, and some refinement. I think you could take your own part well. You are truthful, sensible, quite lacking in sensitiveness, and not apt to be easily influenced by emotion. At the same time I think it will take time to develop you and your writing.

FRID C.—I believe that is your signature, but the flourishes somewhat obscure it. 2. Your writing shows large vitality, a rather bright mind, somewhat given to schemes and a will apt to weaken under the stress of time. You like things and people immensely for a short time, and tire of them in short order. You like girls and have many an hour devoted at least to thoughts of them. You are a somewhat careless and unreasonable person. The artistic faculty is noticeable, but I cannot say developed. Little sympathy is shown, rather an off-hand and rough nature in affairs emotional; a strong but not very placid nature, showing a vein of pessimism. Still, I like your study and believe you are a very decent fellow. Don't pray to be delivered from yourself, but take fresh hold and work ahead. It will in your case be worth while.

ELIANO—It has not been my experience that young men require someone to begin conversation for them. They generally are quite ready to begin it and to keep it going too. But then they talk to an old girl easier than to a young one, a girl, too, by the way. I wonder if you know what I think of girls? If you do, you are daring. You

Physicians

prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil.

Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fish-fat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anemic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

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seem a great deal too nice and too accessible to be any such wretched thing. Yes, I have read Marie Cornelly's Romance of Two Worlds. It is very fascinating, but cheaper than the final scenes. I should never dream of the importance of calling your admiration cant. What sort of a person do you think I am? Your writing shows thought, energy and force of will. You are cautious but not mis-trustful, fond of a good time and bright and vivacious in manner; rather over-eloquent at times, but I think you are yet not very used. Your recollection of the role about a man and woman only talking of him and herself when tele a tele, seems to me a very shallow and idiotic precept. One would not get much benefit from such conversations. At the same time, under certain absorbing conditions, no subjects are half so interesting. Have you ever been in love? I fancy not, or you wouldn't have penned your last question.

The French Ministers

in Ottawa have withdrawn their resignations. They were talking matters over between themselves while smoking Westminster Tobacco. This had a very soothing effect on their minds, and hence the result. Westminster Smoking Mixture in half-pint tins, to be had only at J. W. Muller's, 9 King street west.

An Efficacious Remedy.

El Diluvio.

A gentleman went into a chemist's shop and enquired: "Do you keep a good cure for corns?" "Yes, sir," here you have an excellent preparation. One of my customers has been using it for the last fourteen years with very good results."

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heaford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The Modern Daughter.

Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter," said the old-fashioned young man.
"All right," said the old gentleman. "If I can get her permission to give you my permission, go ahead."

K.D.C.
FOR DISTRESS AFTER EATING AND
SWEETENING THE STOMACH

Rev. A. B. JOHNSON, Westmeath, Ont.:

"I have used several remedies for dyspepsia, and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

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Stories of Prominent People.

Chicago Post.

Patti attributes the marvelous preservation of her voice wholly to the singleness of purpose with which she has kept "in training" physically during her season of work on the stage. No amount of money could tempt her to sing more than four times in one week under any circumstances, and she seldom sang more than three times. Nicolini was both her guardian and physician, and the following incident illustrates his jealous and watchful care:

Li diva had just returned from her daily drive exceedingly thirsty, and asked M. Nicolini for a glass of water. Nicolini was horrified.

"What!" he cried. "Ma mignonne, you know that you are going to sing to-morrow night, and that water will chill your blood. Oh, no! I forbid water."

"Then give me a taste of wine," pleaded thirsty Patti.

"Wine!" replied Nicolini. "Ma mignonne, you are going to sing to-morrow night, and you know that wine will heat your blood. No, I cannot permit wine."

"Please, cannot I have something wet?" pleaded Patti, with parched lips.

Nicolini pondered long and deeply, and at length with his own hands carefully prepared for the great singer a soothing draught of magnesia.

Like all great comedians, Joseph Jefferson is an acute observer of character, and tells many stories in which a single phrase illustrates the entire personality of the individual he describes. Here is Mr. Jefferson's latest, told at the Harvard Association dinner in Boston recently:

"While acting Rip Van Winkle in one of the Western cities I received a letter in which the writer said he was so overcome by my acting that he was desirous of returning thanks. And he closed the letter by saying:

"My name is Duncan, and I am the inventor of Duncan's spring beds. I would like to send as a token of my gratitude one of Duncan's spring beds to you for your family. I am entirely disinterested in the matter, and all I shall ask you to do will be simply, when you wake up in the last act, to say you wouldn't have felt so bad if you had been sleeping on one of Duncan's spring beds."

Sir Henry Irving is a friend of the London cabbies, and has been prominent in various movements to better their condition. The following story is told of his kindness of heart:

As he was coming out of the theater one evening Irving observed a crowd standing about a cab and a fallen horse, and asked the cause of it. The answer came from one of the bystanders:

"Poor Jim's horse is dead, sir; it was his own; he's a good fellow."

"The horse?"

"No, sir, Jim—"

The horse was there dead, and Jim was looking sorrowfully at it. The long friendship between man and beast was severed forever. Served, too, was Jim's connection with bread and cheese.

Quick as thought Irving slipped the caddy his purse containing £40—more than enough to replace the horse.

Senator Teller is one of that numerous class of men who are peculiarly fond of "mother's cooking." It happens that the senator's mother lives with him on his Colorado ranch and always superintends the butter-making. The senator's wife is an excellent housekeeper, but sometimes things will go wrong in the kitchen, and on such occasions, it is said, Mrs. Teller paves the yellow dairy product to her husband and says brightly:

"I'm sorry the dinner is not very good today, Henry, but here, at least, is some of your mother's butter."

Frank Barnard, the veteran editor of *Punch*, tells this good one on himself: At the recent Royal Academy dinner the editor was asked whether he did not receive a great many contributions. He answered:

"Oh, yes; I get plenty of material, and a good deal that is good."

And a man across the table was mean enough to say:

"Then what do you do with it?"

Working Him Up.

Bunt's Allie.

"Frau Mocker, why do you always play the piano when your husband is busy writing?"

"There's no help for it. He is at work on a tragedy and I have to make him savage."

Great Estate Sale.

A large consignment of high-class horses and carriages will be sold on Tuesday next by Messrs. Silver & Smith. The stock is all in first-class condition, and includes a very fine pair of bay coach geldings, 6 and 7 years, 16.2 hands, winner of the first prize at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition for the last two years; also Indian, Victoria, Brougham, dog cart, single and double harness, etc., and large number of horses of all classes.

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Friday, July 26

At 2:30 P.M.—Lecture by Rev. Dr. Hare, Principal of Ladies' College, Whitby, being the last of his series of popular science lectures; subject, "The Ant." AT 8 P.M.—An evening of Ventriloquism; H. Simpson, Esq., Toronto.

Saturday, July 27

At 8 P.M.—An evening of Recitals by the Philadelphia School of Oratory.

Sunday, July 28

Sermon at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Rev. W. R. Young, B.A., Peterboro'.

During the week commencing July 29 Sermons, Lectures, Concerts, Entertainments, &c.

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King Street East Toronto

For the Children

We have just received a full line of American Button Boots in Black and the latest New York shade of Tan. Size from 1 to 10, and in three widths. Also in stock "for the hot weather," a full line of Tan and White Canvas goods for Ladies and Gentlemen. Call and examine.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.

79 King Street East

ICE

We are positively the only company who deal exclusively in

LAKE SIMCOE ICE

Low rates, best of ice, prompt deliveries, liberal weight.

BELLE EWART ICE CO.

65 Yonge Street Opp. Webb's Restaurant.

Telephones 14, 1947.

We have stored twice as much Lake Simcoe ice as all the other dealers combined.

CAMELLINE

An exquisite Californian preparation for the complexion.

SAMPLES FREE AT THE

ROSSIN HOUSE DRUG STORE

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

Subscribed Capital, \$1,000,000

Paid up Capital, 600,000

FOUR PER CENT. Interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.

For full particulars apply to
F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,
10 King Street West.

Hear

Our...
**Transposing
Pianos**

And you will be so favorably im-
pressed with this invention that

—Transposes any music
—into any key by a simple
—lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have
one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Wall Papers

In all the latest designs, at close
prices. Also relief materials in origi-
nal designs.

Wood Floors

In plain and Mosaic patterns. Wood
Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

Grille Work

For Arches and Doors, in turned
and twisted wood.

William H. Elliott

(LATE OF ELLIOTT & SON)

40 KING STREET EAST

A Suspicious Man.

A young man in a Southern town applied to
the keeper of a livery stable for a horse and
buggy.

"Who is going along with you?" asked the
latter.

"I am going to take my wife's mother out
for a ride. She is not well, and I want
her to have some fresh air. I wish you
would put a spade and a hatchet in the bottom
of the buggy."

"What do you want to do with them?"

"I want to dig up some cedar trees to plant
in the cemetery."

"I don't think I can let you have a buggy."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to be hauled up as a
witness every time court meets. I have got
my own business to attend to."

"I don't understand you."

"Maybe you don't, but I understand you.
You have been married some years, and when
a married man in this town wants to take his
mother-in-law out for a ride for her health and
wants a spade and a hatchet, that's all I want
to know."

"But, my dear sir—"

"It may be all right, but I don't propose to
take any risks. When your trial comes off you
will swear there is a prejudice against you in
this town and you can't get a fair trial, and get
a change of venue to some county away off,
and I'll have to go there as a witness every
time the case is continued or be fined forty
dollars. If you want to get rid of your wife's
mother you go to a drug store and get some
rough on rats, and it will be a case of suicide
or accident; but I am not going to be mixed
up in supplying you with spades and hatchets
and a horse and buggy to carry off the corpse to
hide. No, sir—Why don't you ask me to
put a coffin in the buggy besides? No, sir; I
am not that kind of a livery stable man. I'm
not in that line of business. I sympathize
with you, but for the mere hire of a horse and
buggy I can't afford to take any such risks."

A Phenomenon

"Mother," said a little Scotch lassie, "dae
ye ken what a phenomenon is?"

"Yes, dear, I can tell ye that. Dae ye see
thon coo in the field? Weel, that's no phenom-
enon. Dae ye see thon tree?"

"Aye, mother, I see the tree."

"Weel, that's no phenomenon, but when ye
see thon coo climbing up thon tree with its tail
foremost that'll be a phenomenon."

Willing to Reform Him.

Uncle—You say you are going to marry a
man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask
who it is?

"It's Mr. Millions."

"Indeed! I did not know he had any bad
habits."

"Yes; his friends say he is becoming quite
miserly."

An Eye for an Eye.

Gilbert Parker recently encountered a Cana-
dian Bishop whom he had known in his boy-
hood. The Bishop pompously enquired:

"Ah, Gilbert! and are you still writing your
—ah—little books?"

Mr. Parker answered promptly:

"Yes, Bishop. And are you still preaching
your—ah—little sermons?"

Not in Print.

Washington Post.

"Some of the world's finest literature is out
of print," remarked the bibliophile.

"That's right," replied the poet. "I can't
get an editor to touch my productions."

TORONTO
ONE DAY ONLY

MONDAY, JULY 29

Barnum & Bailey

GREATEST

SHOW ON EARTH

1,000 PEOPLE EMPLOYED

Grand New Ethnological Congress

OF STRANGE AND SAVAGE PEOPLE

TRILBY ON HORSEBACK

ONLY LADY CLOWN

ONLY LADY RING MASTER

GRAND WATER CARNIVAL

Champion Log Rolling, Fancy Swimming and

THRILLING HIGH DIVES

From the Rock into 5 Feet of Water.

Sublime Equestrian

Tournament

May Pole Dance

Fox Hunters' Meet

Cossack Encampment

JOHANNA THE GIANT

GORILLA

TRAINED

Animal Exhibition

Wild and Domestic Beasts Per-

forming at once in an

IRON BARRED

ARENA.

16 CHAMPION MALE AND FE-

MALE BAR-BACK RIDERS.

20 Clowns of All Kinds.

60 Cages of Wild Beasts.

24 Trained Elephants.

50 Aerial Artists.

50 Riders, Jockeys and Drivers

20 Kinds of Races.

300 Circus and Arena Per-

formers.

24 Wisest Elephants.

3 Big Circus Rings.

2 Elevated Stages.

1 Mammoth Race Track.

1 Steel-Barred Animal Arena.

2 Menageries of Wild and

Trained Beasts.

20 Giant and Pigmy Quadru-

peds.

100 Circus Acts and Displays.

12 Waterproof Canvas Tents.

400 Superb Horses and Ponies.

1,000

WONDERFUL

SIGHTS

Performances Daily at 2 and 8 p.m.

Admission to All 50 Cents

Children Under 9 Years Half Price.

RESERVED SEATS at regular price and admission

tickets at usual advance at

A. & S. Nordheimer's Music House

15 King Street East

Watch for the New Street Parade

WITH THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD

Great Estate Sale

GRAND'S

GRAND'S REPOSITORY, TORONTO

ON

TUESDAY, JULY 30

AT 11 O'CLOCK SHARP.

We will sell the following valuable consignment:

MONARCH and GENERAL

Handsone pair bay coach horses, 5 and 7 years,

16 2 hands, sound and thoroughly reliable for

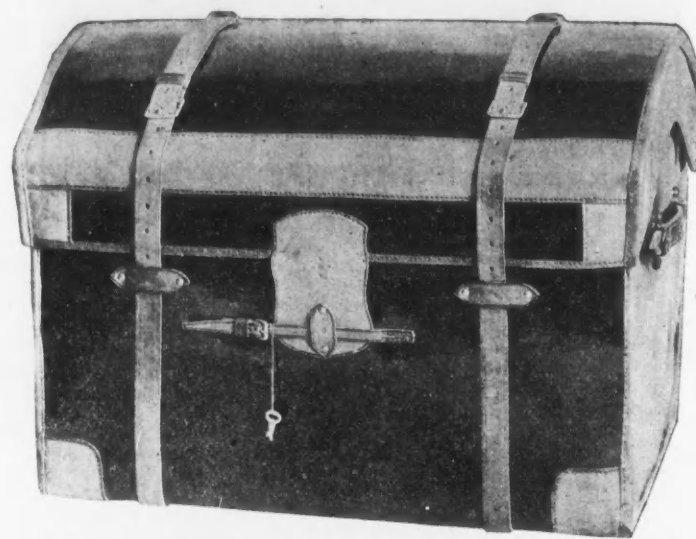
family use. This beautiful pair are considered to

be the finest in Canada, having won FIRST

In Your Travels...

FOR PLEASURE AND COMFORT

HAVE A BASKET TRUNK



H. E. CLARKE & CO.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Travelling Goods, Purses, Pocketbooks,
Footballs, Golf Bags, and all other Fine Leather Goods. 105 King Street West

The "Famous Active" Range



THE PRODUCT OF...
...50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

The Handsomest and

Best Working Cook-

ing Apparatus ever

made in Canada.

No guessing as to heat of oven.

Thermometer in

door shows it

exactly. Every

cook will ap-

preciate this

feature.

Oven venti-

lated and ce-

mented top and

bottom, ensur-

ing even cook-

ing.

THE MCCLARY

Mfg. Co.,

LONDON, MONTREAL,

TORONTO, WINNIPEG,

VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.



Long Ago.

San Francisco Post.

A noted evangelist having stayed over in one

of those Southwest towns where the hotel-

keeper depends upon the disconnection of

trains for a livelihood, fell into the following

talk with the landlord:

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?"

he said.

"We think so," replied the host diplomati-

cally.

"Business seems to be lively."

"Yes, we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what."

"You don't have any lynchings here, do

you?"

"Not like we used to."

"I've heard that it was once very bad in that

line."

"Well, yes, we used to have a hanging now

and then, but it's been a mighty long time now

since we had one."

"When was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted

on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said at last, "but I think

it will be two weeks day after to-morrow."

He Needed a Change.

Life.

Patient—The heat is so oppressive, doctor, I

feel like committing suicide.

Doctor—Oh, that would never do. As I said

before, my friend, what you need is a change.

Unexpected.

He had been trying to impress upon the

children in the school, in the capacity of a

temperance lecturer, that though it was right

and proper to relieve suffering and poverty, it

was much better to find out the cause of it all

—drink, of course—and remove that; and so

with everything.

"Now," said he, "suppose your father one

morning came downstairs and on going to the

cellar found it flooded; what would he do first?

"Would he begin bailing the water out?"

"No! of course not."

"Now, what would be the first thing he

would do?"

After a short silence, a shrill, piping voice

cried out:

"Why, he'd carry on awful!"

CHINA HALL



A Choice Selection of WEDDING GIFTS

JUNOR & IRVING 40 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MADILL—July 25, Mrs. John Madill—a daughter (still-born)

MACQUILLAN—July 21, Mrs. J. Macquillan—a son.

WHEATON—July 18, Mrs. W. E. Wheaton—a son.

WOOD—July 17, Mrs. W. Lloyd Wood—a son.

POWELL—July 17, Mrs. T. W. Powell—a daughter.

RYAN—July 16, Mrs. Roderick A. Ryan—a son.

Marriages.

WINGOR—OTTO—On Wednesday, July 17, in the German

Luthern church, Toronto, by Rev. F. W. Muller, Mr.

A. B. Wingor to Ida, second daughter of the late

Rudolph Otto.

AWDE—WILLMOTT—July 22, Dr. A. E. Awde to Alice B.

Willmott.

PYNE—KING—July 18, Charles A. Pyne to Mary E. King.

TAYLOR—MURPHY—July 17, James Curry Taylor to

Kate Murphy.

Special
Drives

AT

McKENDRY'S

DURING NEXT WEEK

A fresh, airy store, where you are treated
well if you are not the veriest crank in crea-
tion. We give you new goods all the time and
charge less money than anybody else. The
truth is we are in a position to do that. Not
only are the customers treated well, but like-
wise the employees are well treated, and they
do not work here longer than in any other
store. Our style is not to preach philanthropy
to win public esteem. The public benefits
more by a list like the following:

Patent Medicines—

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 30c per box.
Beef, Iron and Wine, 40c, reg. \$1.
Fly Poison Pads, 3c each or 2 for 5c.
Root Beer, 5c per bottle.

Groceries—

Ceylon Tea, the best in town, for 25c.
Mustard, 5c per tin.
Figs, 5c box.

Trimming and Notions—

All colors Honeycomb Filled Elastic, 1 inch

wide, reg. 15c, for 7c.

Black Rolled tape, reg. 3c, for 1c.

White Pearl Buttons, reg. 10c, for 5c doz.

Gloves, Hosiery and Parasols—

Ladies' Colored Silk Mitts, reg. 25c and 35c,

for 15c.

Ladies' Shot Silk Parasols, frilled, reg. \$2.25,

for \$1.50.

Laces and Ribbons—

Plauen Point Lace, 8 inches wide, reg. 35c,

for 15c.

Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes—

Ladies' Dongola Oxford Shoes, patent tips

and laces, regular \$2, for \$1.25.

Ladies' Tan Oxford Shoes, 65c, regular \$1.

Stationery—

Paper and Envelopes, 5c box.

Fine White Note Paper, 5 quires for 8c.